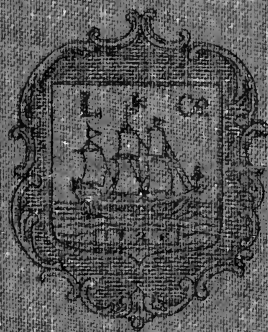


MARMION

SCOTT





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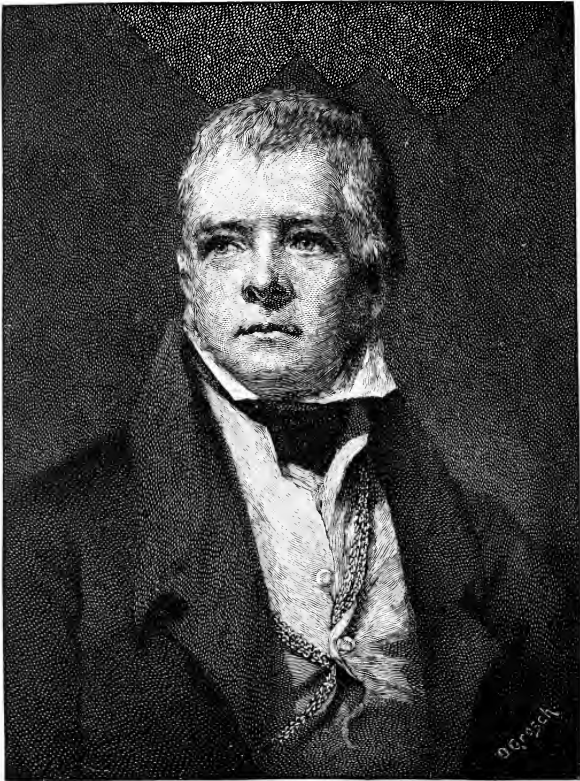
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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

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EDITED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, A. B.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



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PREFACE

IN the Introduction to this edition of Scott's "Marmion" the editor has tried to present the author and the book as genuine human products resulting from certain well-defined spiritual conditions, and in this way to suggest to the student something of the powerful appeal which author and book made to the imagination of the men and women whose attention they first claimed. Every literary work, however great its interest and value, must depend in our own day, to some extent, upon the historical faculty of its readers. The most valid reason for the selection of "Marmion" as a text-book for schools is that it offers admirable material for training this historical sense for literature.

In preparing the text of the present edition the editor has relied for the most part on the text of 1830 (the last revision for which Scott was personally responsible) and on that of Lockhart's Standard Edition. In a few cases a word has been adopted from an earlier edition, but in the main the readings can be referred to one of these two. In the matter of spelling, punctuation, and capitals, it was the editor's original intention to allow the poem to stand as Scott himself left it in 1830. However, as there is no reason to suppose that Scott himself regarded this edition as final, and inasmuch as the spelling adopted by Lockhart is so generally accepted that a reversion to an earlier standard might seem a deliberate assumption of oddity, the spelling of Lockhart's edition has usually been followed.

In the matter of punctuation, the editor has accepted suggestions made by Mr. Rolfe and others, and, further, has removed superfluous marks of punctuation where these made the text difficult to understand or to read.

In the notes the aim has been to give such information as the student will not find accessible in an ordinary dictionary. All of Scott's notes have not been reproduced, but the necessary omissions have been confined almost entirely to quotations from other writers.

R. M. L.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, August, 1896.

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INTRODUCTION

I. THE AUTHOR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was a strong, sturdy infant, and although affected in his second year by a teething fever which left him permanently lame, his rugged constitution was unimpaired, and he remained always active, devoted to out-door life. In consequence of his early illness he was sent to live with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, where much of his childhood was spent. After his return to Edinburgh he began his studies, which continued regularly for only a comparatively short time, since at the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to his father, an attorney or "writer to the Signet." He began at this time his legal studies, which he afterwards continued at the University. His preparation for the law was much interrupted by excursions about the country in pursuit of picturesque or historical interest, so that his father once told him, contemptuously, that he was better fitted for a pedler than for a lawyer. Nevertheless, in 1792, he was called to the bar, and continued to practise with varying success for fourteen years.

While yet a student he formed a romantic attachment for Margaret Belches, but though his attentions lasted for upwards of six years, she finally married Sir William Forbes. A year later Scott himself married the daughter of a French royalist of Lyons, Charlotte Margaret Charpentier. His worldly prospects were not brilliant, for his reputation for irregularity stood in the way of rapid progress at the bar. Shortly after his marriage, however, he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire. This promotion made it possible for him to move his family from the little

cottage at Lasswade, a few miles from Edinburgh, where he had at first settled, to Ashestiel, where he remained from 1804 to 1812. Meantime he obtained the position of Clerk of the Court of Sessions at Edinburgh, and in 1812, when this position began to yield him a substantial income, he purchased the estate with which his name is always connected, Abbotsford.

By this time, however, Scott had another and greater source of income. His early attempts at literature, a translation of Bürger's "*Leonore*," in 1796, and of Goethe's "*Goetz von Berlichingen*," in 1799, and some ballads of his own, were not startlingly successful, but in 1802 and 1803 his publication of a collection of old ballads under the title "*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*," with some additional poems of his own in the ballad manner, revealed his skill in dealing with the literature of the past and his own power as a poet, and also proved a remunerative venture financially. Encouraged by this, Scott published, in 1805, a poem in six cantos, called "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*," which made an immediate hit, and which continued so popular that nearly fifty thousand copies were sold during Scott's lifetime. This success was decisive. Scott was henceforth not a lawyer but a man of letters. The next year he brought out a further collection of lyrical poems, and undertook several difficult pieces of editing, the most important of which, the works of Dryden, appeared in 1808. This year saw also the publication of Scott's second great work, "*Marmion*," for the copyright of which he received £1,000. In the next few years the series of Scott's literary successes was continued by "*The Lady of the Lake*" (1810), "*The Vision of Don Roderick*" (1811), "*Rokeby*" (1813), and "*The Lord of the Isles*" (1815).

It was the astonishing success of these poems that enabled Scott to purchase Abbotsford and to spend great sums on its improvement. But he had also a third, though secret, source of income. In 1805 Scott entered into silent partnership with an Edinburgh printer, James Ballantyne; four years afterwards they added to the printing business

that of a publishing house, James Ballantyne & Co. This latter venture was badly conducted, and soon after Scott's removal to Abbotsford it became a source of very great anxiety to him. Moreover, about this time Scott's vogue as a poet began to diminish. The sameness of his material and style palled on his readers. Byron was becoming a dangerous rival. And while Scott's resources were thus diminished on two sides by the threatening condition of his publishing business and by the diminution of his popularity as a poet, his expenses in connection with his establishment at Abbotsford were constantly increased. This pressure forced Scott, at the age of forty-three, into the great work of his life.

In 1805 Scott had planned and begun a prose tale of the Rebellion of '45. In the summer of 1814 he finished it and published it anonymously under the name of its hero, "Waverley." The book revived Scott's earlier success. He followed it the next year (1815) by "Guy Mannering," and in 1816 by "The Antiquary" and "Old Mortality." Every year the list of stories by the unknown author of "Waverley" grew, sometimes by two, sometimes by three, novels. At the same time Scott was constantly engaged in editing works of historical or antiquarian interest. The number and the size of his literary undertakings, apart from his novels, were enormous, involving such great single tasks as editing the works of Swift and writing the life of Napoleon. With the proceeds of these literary productions, increased by his direct connection with the printing and publishing world through the firms of Ballantyne and Constable, Scott drew near to the accomplishment of his dream of founding a great family. He increased the estate of Abbotsford, and rebuilt the mansion. He was knighted in 1820. At the same period his hospitality was unbounded. To support these expenses he found it necessary to accept from his publishers advanced payments on work not yet performed. Thus his affairs were again becoming involved, when all his plans were broken, in 1826, by the failure of Constable, which dragged down the firm of James Ballantyne with liabilities of £117,000.

Scott met the crisis with characteristic courage, and a wisdom which he had not always shown. He diminished his establishment, sold his Edinburgh house, and pledged his Abbotsford property as security for his payment of the debt. Then he went to work with his pen to earn the sum owed. He published "Woodstock" immediately, the "Life of Napoleon" the next year, and "The Fair Maid of Perth" the year after. But he no longer worked with his old facility. Although these later novels do not show any marked falling off in style or in imaginative conception, yet Scott himself was constantly tortured by the fear lest his magic wand should break in his hand. Other sorrows came to him. In 1826 Lady Scott died. In 1830 he suffered a slight paralytic shock. The next year, while attending an election at Jedburgh, in the height of the excitement over the Reform Bill, he was flouted and cried down by the crowd. The "Burk Sir Walter" of the Whig rabble seems to have been the sound that echoed most persistently in his dying ears.

Dying he now was. In 1831 he completed his last two novels, "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," which left his liabilities reduced by more than one-half. Indeed, the struggle was now practically over, for the value of the copyrights of earlier works was sufficient to cover the remainder of the debt. In this year he went abroad for rest, and visited Italy and Germany. But the disease which had threatened two years earlier closed in upon him rapidly. He was brought back to London almost too ill to speak. In September, 1832, he completed his journey to Abbotsford, only to die there.

Scott's father was an Edinburgh attorney, a man of prim, methodical habits and painful integrity, from whom Scott undoubtedly inherited his conscientious industry as well as the unbending honesty with which he weighed his obligations, and performed them. His grandfather was a man of different type, with something of the free way of handling life which belonged to his ancestors. The story

is told of him that he once went into partnership with a neighbor in raising sheep, the latter advancing £30 as capital. By the time that the neighbor had found a promising flock Robert Scott had paid the entire sum for a horse, which, however, he soon sold for double the money. Lockhart relates that Scott would refer to this incident in the days of his business troubles. "Blood will out," he would say; "my planting and building was but his buying the hunter before he stocked his sheep-walk, over again."

Scott's great-grandfather, also Walter Scott, was called Beardie, because he refused to cut his beard after the expulsion of the Stuarts. He manifested his devotion to the cause of the exiles in more serious ways, which came near costing him his beard and his head likewise. Through him Sir Walter Scott was thus brought into direct and practical sympathy with one of the historical periods which he was to do so much to recreate. It is hardly an accident that his first novel dealt with the Stuart attempt of 1745, with which Scott, though born twenty-six years later, came into actual contact through his family. Still less is it an accident that his first poem dealt with a story of the house to which his clan, the Scotts, owed allegiance, the house of Buccleuch. In the course of the poem Sir Walter makes occasional mention of the loyal services of his ancestor Walter Scott of Harden to the chief house of the Scotts ("The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto IV., ix.), and his own dedication of the poem to the contemporary Duke of Buccleuch shows something of the same feudal spirit. Scott cared much for his family and his ancestry. His strong interest in his own relations with the past helped him to that vividness and directness in writing of former scenes and periods which make the chief glory of his work; his attempts to reproduce that past in his own life led to his extreme misfortunes.

Scott's grandmother on his father's side had much care of him as a child when he was at Sandy-Knowe. "My grandmother," he says in his autobiography, "in whose youth the old Border depredations were a matter of re-

cent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Wat of Harden, wight Willie of Ailswood, Jamie Tellfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes." Scott's mother, likewise, had a vivid memory. "She could draw," wrote Sir Walter, "without the least exaggeration or affectation, the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me. She connected a long period of time with the present generation, for she remembered, and had often spoken with, a person who perfectly recollected the battle of Dunbar and Oliver Cromwell's subsequent entry into Edinburgh."

Thus Scott drew much of his material for his literary work from his immediate family. Other sources were not wanting. A constant visitor at his aunt's was Dr. Duncan, the clergyman of the parish, who "had seen Pope and could talk familiarly of many of the characters who had survived the Augustan age of Queen Anne." His tutor, a retired clergyman, transmitted to him "a great acquaintance with the old books describing the early history of the Church of Scotland, the wars and sufferings of the Covenanters, and so forth." His father's friend, Alexander Stewart, of Invernahyle, in the Highlands, related to him his experiences in the insurrections of 1715 and 1745, and described his broadsword duel with Rob Roy. Scott's first visit to this Stewart took place when he was about fifteen years old. From this time on he was a most indefatigable traveller—on foot in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, and on horseback through the more distant and less explored portions of Scotland—living with the people, hearing their stories and songs. It was to these journeys through the Border region that Scott owed much of the material which he used in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," as well as that intimate knowledge of the country which served him so well in his tales in prose and verse.

In these wanderings the chief interest for Scott was historical, the connection of places with events of the past.

He says himself: "The wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle." Nevertheless, the charm of romantic scenery was always a strong inducement with Scott to undertake expeditions involving any amount of effort. His feeling for natural beauty first awoke, he tells us himself, at Kelso, where he stayed much with his aunt, Miss Janet Scott. Of Kelso and its influence he has left us a record in his own words:

"The neighborhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects, not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song, the ruins of an ancient Abbey, the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle, the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonize into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly on this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon, and associated themselves with, these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendor, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe."

These two elements in Scott's life and work—his interest in the past and his love for nature—connect him closely with the great literary movement of his day, which we are

accustomed to call Romanticism. In the early eighteenth century the most prominent literary influence was classical ; in poetry and in prose, Latin and Latin-French models were followed ; regularity, grace, elegance, were the chief literary virtues. The material with which literature dealt was drawn largely from the contemporary life of man, and from his social environment. Nature and man as an element in nature were less regarded as literary material, and in the deference paid to Latin and French models the influence of earlier English writers was diminished. Long before Scott began to write, however, a change made itself felt. Poets began to find worthy imaginative material in the life of nature, and in the life of man as influenced by nature and swayed by natural impulses. Cloyed by the refinement of treating nature only when artificialized by man, and man himself only when toned down by society and civilization, the literary appetite of the time demanded nature in her wildest, most untamed aspects, and man in his most independent, solitary, protesting attitudes. Such material as this was to be found in the past. In 1765 Bishop Percy issued his collection of mediæval ballads under the famous title, "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and about this same time MacPherson brought out his pretended discovery of the poems of Ossian, an ancient bard of Scotland. They were followed by a whole school of writers, who ransacked the older literature for its most romantic tales, or, when such could not be found, invented them, and threw over them the thin glamour of a sham antiquity. One of the earlier of these authors was Horace Walpole, who wrote "The Castle of Otranto ;" one of the later was Matthew Gregory Lewis, whose romance, "The Monk," made for him a brilliant reputation.

With all this movement Scott was in hearty sympathy. His friend Irving told Lockhart how eagerly he and Scott read "The Castle of Otranto" with other more genuine romances, and it is curious to remark that they chose for these readings the most savage and inaccessible nooks about Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, or Blackford Hill. Later,

when Scott was just beginning his literary career, he met Lewis, and was glad to contribute to a collection which the latter was bringing out, called "Tales of Wonder," in regard to which Lewis stipulated that each story should contain either a ghost or a witch. Before this Scott had on his own account fed the appetite for the marvellous by his translations of Bürger's "Leonore" and "The Wild Huntsman."

All this represented, it is true, one of the more superficial elements of the romantic movement. That movement corresponded to a real change in men's minds from the classicism of the eighteenth century, an awakening to the value of action and passion in life, a growing perception of the importance of man's natural environment as a means of spiritual growth, an increasing interest in man himself, apart from the accidents of his position or of artificial distinctions. This change, as it made itself felt in English literature, was expressed most purely by Wordsworth. But Wordsworth had not yet caught the people's ear. His message was too high, his consciousness of it too perfect, for him to become at once a popular poet. It was Scott, feeling the attractions of the new fields offered to the poet and exulting in the new freedom with the abandon of a cross-country rider, who drew the cheers of the multitude.

Loyalty to the past had at the time when Scott lived a meaning that it could not have had later. The love of the past was a superficial element of romanticism. There was a deeper side of the movement, by virtue of which men began to see themselves and all mankind stripped of artificial trappings of place and rank, and reduced to elemental humanity, and to discover in men thus brought down to essentials a wonderful equality. This was the idea which the French Revolution sought to make prevail in the world. It was radically opposed to the old feudal conception of man, around which clung so much that was striking in the past. Only a few of the most ardent romanticists in England, such as Wordsworth and Coleridge, dared to go with

the Revolution even a little way, and these soon fell back, horrified at its excesses. Scott, from conviction and sentiment, opposed it heartily, and wrought against it upon the reason and the imagination of his contemporaries. Indeed, his resolute championship of the ideals of the past against the assaults of a destroying present gave Toryism its most winning appeal, the force of which was felt unconsciously more and more as the nation threw its strength more completely against the principles of the Revolution. Thus the work of Scott has a double aspect. The generations which first read his poems and novels read them as exemplifying, on the one hand, literary emancipation, freedom of handling new material of wonderful value to the imagination, and, on the other hand, though less consciously, political reaction, devotion to ideals and faiths which the present was beginning to abandon. In any reading of Scott we have to bear in mind these facts, or else we shall have difficulty in appreciating his position as the most popular author of his time.

II. "MARMION."

Scott began to write "Marmion" in November, 1806, nearly two years after the publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Before the poem was fairly under way Constable, the publisher, offered one thousand guineas for it, and Scott accepted the proposal at once. He needed a sum of money immediately to assist his brother, Thomas Scott, and with the success of "The Lay" behind him he fell back on his pen as on a tried resource.

At this time Scott was living at Ashestiel, which he had hired in 1804. The house was a small one on the southern bank of the Tweed, a few miles from Selkirk.

"It was approached," says Lockhart, "through an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges, and broad, green, terrace walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet

is heard, more than seen, in its progress to the Tweed. The river itself is separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite, and all around, are the green hills. The valley there is narrow, and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose. The heights immediately behind are those which divide the Tweed from the Yarrow, and the latter celebrated stream lies within an easy ride, in the course of which the traveller passes through a variety of the finest mountain scenery in the south of Scotland."

At Ashestiel Scott combined the life of the man of letters with the life of the man of action in the way that was afterwards characteristic of him. He had formerly been used to taking time for study or writing in the night, but owing to the opinion of his physician that this habit aggravated his headaches, he changed his plans entirely. At Ashestiel he rose at five in the morning, lighted his fire, shaved, and dressed. At six he was at his desk with his papers before him, all arranged most carefully, his books of reference piled about on the floor, and one of his favorite dogs lying just beyond them. By nine or ten Scott had "broken the neck" of the day's work. After breakfast he gave two hours more to his task and then he felt free for the day. By one o'clock at the latest he was on horseback or afoot, ready for action. His friend Mr. Skene, who was a frequent visitor at Ashestiel and a companion of Scott in his rambles, thus comments in a letter to Lockhart on the extent of their wanderings :

"Indeed," says Mr. Skene, "there are few scenes at all celebrated, either in the history, tradition, or romance of the Border counties, which we did not explore together in the course of our rambles. We traversed the entire vales of the Yarrow and Ettrick, with all their sweet tributary glens. . . .

"I need not tell you that St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes were among the most favorite scenes of our excursions, as his fondness for them continued to his last days, and we have both visited them many times together in his company. I may say the same of the Teviot, and the Aill, Borthwick-water,

and the lonely towers of Buccleuch and Harden, Minto, Roxburgh, Gilnockie, etc.

“Whatever the banks of the Tweed, from its source to its termination, presented of interest, we frequently visited; and I do verily believe there is not a single ford in the whole course of that river which we have not traversed together.”

“Marmion” bears numerous marks of its birthplace and of the life its author led there. Scott speaks of the poem in his introduction as being “labored in passages with a good deal of care by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed.” At the same time there is much testimony, both internal and external, to the freedom, the informality, the joy of composition with which the poem was written. Much of it was composed on horseback. Lockhart records Scott’s saying in his old age, while riding from Ashestiel to Newark, “Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among these braes when I was thinking of ‘Marmion.’” Mr. Skene remembered that many of the more energetic descriptions, and particularly that of the battle of Flodden, were worked out while he was in quarters with a regiment of volunteer cavalry in the autumn of 1807. “In the intervals of drilling,” he says, “Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge with the spray dashing about him.”

“Marmion” reflects all of the stir and animation which accompanied its composition. It suffered somewhat, however, from inevitable interruptions. During the composition of the poem Scott took a journey to London to collect materials for his life of Dryden, and a large part of the first two cantos was sent from London to Ballantyne’s press. He continued the poem with many interruptions after his return to Scotland. At last, in February, 1808, it was published, with six epistles introductory to the several cantos, epistles which Scott had once planned, accord-

ing to an advertisement of 1807, to publish separately as "Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest."

The poem was immediately successful. Severely handled by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*, and criticised unfavorably by Southey and many of Scott's other friends, it nevertheless caught the public. In less than a month the first edition of 2,000 copies was sold at a guinea and a half. A second edition of 3,000 was sold in the same year. The next year two editions of 3,000 each were sold. In 1810, 5,000 more copies were sold. In 1811 two editions, aggregating 9,000 copies, were issued, which supplied the public until 1815. Editions continued to follow, until when Lockhart wrote in 1836 he stated the sales at 50,000 copies. Lockhart has preserved these figures carefully. "I anticipate no day," he writes, "when the student of English civilization will pass without curiosity the contemporary reception of the 'Tale of Flodden Field.'"

The immediate popularity of the poem is not a fact to be lightly passed over in its study. The poem must be read with constant reference to its application to the national feeling to which it was submitted. Fifteen years before the appearance of "Marmion" the irritation between England and France consequent upon the excesses of the French Revolution and the execution of Louis XVI. had culminated in war. Since then the English had seen the activity of their greatest minister, William Pitt, expended in bringing about successive coalitions of European powers against France, each one of which was thrown down by the energy of the republic or by the skill of the empire under Napoleon. Their land forces had been defeated in Europe, but wonderfully successful in India. The fleet had won the great battles of June 1, 1794, of Camperdown, of the Nile, of Copenhagen. The nation had passed as one man through the fever of Napoleon's threatened invasion and the relief of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar. Nelson had been shot on the deck of his flagship; Pitt had died almost at his desk—both sacrificed to the same end, the overthrow of Napoleon. In the very

year in which "Marmion" appeared, in 1808, England began that decisive interference with the plans of Napoleon from which she was not to cease until after Waterloo.

To a nation engrossed in a national struggle, a poem dealing so fluently and confidently with action and warfare came with peculiar acceptance. Lockhart relates the story of Sir Adam Fergusson, a year or two later, reading from "The Lady of the Lake" to his men as they lay prostrate within the lines of Torres Vedras under fire from the French artillery. He chose the description of the battle in Canto VI., "and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French shot struck the bank close above them." Perhaps "Marmion" was never subjected to this supreme test, but if it had been, it would have endured it even more successfully. "The battle of Flodden in 'Marmion,'" says Mr. Hutton, "constitutes perhaps the most perfect description of war by one who was almost both poet and warrior, which the English language contains." The poem revealed the intense patriotism of the author. Says Lockhart: "Scott had sternly and indignantly rebuked and denounced the then too prevalent spirit of anti-national despondence; he had put the trumpet to his lips and done his part, at least, to sustain the hope and resolution of his countrymen. He must ever be considered as the 'mighty minstrel of the Anglican war;' and it was 'Marmion' that first announced him in that character."

But "Marmion" did not owe all, or even the greater part of its popularity to the circumstance of England's being at war with France. We have already seen that Scott was an expression of the dominant literary mood of his day—romanticism. One element of the movement that caught the popular fancy was its sympathy with the past, in which Scott was more than fitted to share. He had for years been engaged in antiquarian researches, inspired by his interest in the past and his love for the marvellous in any form. He had found an unexpected market for his accumulated wares of story and legend. In "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" he had put forth some of this

material as a mere compilation. Its value was then made apparent. In "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" he had dealt freely with a mass of legends about real persons. The success was quadrupled. In "Marmion" he advanced still further and invented a whole story in the manner of the old minstrelsy, mooring it, as it were, to a few historical piers. Here at last he found the final measure of his success.

The poem "Marmion" rests against a background of imaginative material, to which the author makes liberal reference in the text of the poem, and explains still more generously in the notes. Such stories as those of *Whitby* and *Saint Cuthbert* (II., xiii., xiv.), "The Host's Tale," in Canto III., the story of James's supernatural warning (V., xxvi.), and that of the "Spirit's blasted tree" (VI., Introduction, l. 159) show how eager Scott was to connect his tale with the mass of legend with which he was familiar, and of which he had learned the popular value. Such an episode as the immuring of the nun *Constance*, in Canto II., though apart from the main action of the poem, was a very possible circumstance, possessing the interest which attaches to a real occurrence, and also the attraction of the mysterious and the terrible. It bore, therefore, directly on the popular inclination for such things, and probably could not have been read without emotion by Scott's contemporaries, whose minds were attuned to horror.

Of the characters in "Marmion," James IV. and Douglas are historical; *Lindsay*, in his office of Lion King-at-arms, is transplanted from the succeeding generation. *Lady Heron* has a historical parallel in *Lady Ford*, whom James met at Ford Castle, not at Edinburgh. The rest of the characters, including *Marmion*, are all imaginary. In dealing with his historical persons, Scott has shown his usual skill in strengthening by imaginary incidents the outlines of character which history preserves. For instance, in Canto V., the account of James IV., with his rich dress, his noble bearing, his shifting mood, his devotedness, his gallantry, his fantastic chivalry, his gusts of an-

ger and repentance, is wonderfully truthful and suggestive. As penance for his part in the insurrection which cost his father both life and crown, James IV. was accustomed to spend June, the month of his father's death, in retirement and religious exercises, and to wear at all times an iron belt. And yet with all this seriousness it is quite possible that James began the war in which he fell, because the French queen made him her champion; and it is certain that his dalliance with Lady Ford cost him the military advantage which he had gained at the outset. Douglas, too, Scott has portrayed firmly and sympathetically. The sixth Lord Angus was one of the most turbulent nobles under James III. Under James IV. he headed the party that was for peace with England, and carried his opposition to the king's rash expedition to the point of personal entreaty. He sent his sons to follow James, and turned back himself to die of regret in a monastery. His rugged personality may fittingly be compared with the Douglas in "The Lady of the Lake."

Of the female characters Constance has the advantage of playing the chief rôle in the most dramatic scene. Her figure and attitude are admirably defined; her lines are full of intensity. Clare is passive, a lay figure for the most part, and fortunately so, for when she emerges into the action (as in VI., x.) it is only to utter the most conventional sentiments in stereotyped phrases. The Abbess, again, is a shadow. How immensely less successful Scott's method was than Chaucer's can be seen by a comparison of the Abbess of Whitby with the Prioress in the "Prologue" to the "Canterbury Tales." With the subordinate men Scott does better. There is a very successful attempt to discriminate Marmion's squires. Fitz-Eustace is the gentle youth, who sings "Where shall the lover rest?" Blount is rougher, as his name tells us—"a sworn horse-courser," "unnurtured Blount," his companion calls him. The Palmer gains an interest from the obscurity which surrounds him, and when to the attraction of a mysterious bearing is added, in Canto VI., the force of his tragic situ-

ation, he becomes a figure of the first importance, an importance which he owes to his circumstances, not to the strength of his character. It is true he is brave and he is merciful, but these attributes count for less than the facts that he has been wronged and that he is victorious.

Marmion owes much of the fascination which attaches to his character to the fate which dogs him with equal step through the poem. From Norham, where the Palmer is added to his train ; to Gifford Moor, where he falls before his unknown foe ; to Edinburgh, where his mission fails ; to Tantallon, where he learns of the resurrection of his old enemy, De Wilton ; to Flodden, where he dies after hearing of the fate of Constance ; even to Lichfield, where the base-born peasant occupies the Gothic tomb which bears Lord Marmion's image, his thwarting destiny follows him. For the rest, Marmion is a clear, almost a vivid conception of the mingled virtues and vices of decadent chivalry, faulty only in the undignified forgery with which Scott, in the haste of his composition, weakened the plot, and which gave Byron a weapon of attack in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." (See foot-note on p. 10.)

On the whole, Scott's characters in "Marmion" have not the high success of some of his prose portraits. Scott excelled in painting figures which he knew intimately from experience. This experience sometimes came from a wonderfully vivid perception of the historic past, sometimes from a scarcely less vivid acquaintance with the men of his own age, usually men of striking peculiarity or mannerism—men not unfit for heroes. Baron Bradwardine and Dandie Dinmont are efforts of genius. Lady Clare, Wilton, even Marmion, are external portraits, true in drawing but without overmuch of the look of life.

The scene of "Marmion" is the Border country, with which Scott was familiar from his youth. Marmion and his train appear first at Norham, just south of the Tweed. They ride thence northwest to Edinburgh, then almost east to Tantallon, and then south to Flodden Field. The journey gives an admirable opportunity to introduce char-

acteristic bits of scenery and of the life of the early sixteenth century. The most elaborate scene is the reception of Marmion at Norham. For the setting of the poem Scott had a thorough equipment of mediæval properties, which, if not always used accurately, nevertheless are an effective accompaniment to the martial tale. He had further a minute knowledge of the country, and, for certain aspects of nature, a feeling of remarkable keenness. It has been cited, indeed, as a defect in Scott's narrative that the descriptions impede the movement of the story. However true this may be of some of the perversities of Scott's prose, it is hardly true of his poetry, particularly of "Marmion." In this poem the descriptions are as full of spirit and action as the narrative itself; they often play into the narrative and are a part of it. It may be questioned, indeed, whether for most readers the poem is not essentially descriptive, having its sustaining interest in its pictures, while the plot is merely a transient and occasional cause for mild wonder.

A much-debated literary question has been that concerning the six introductory epistles. Does the poem lose substantially in unity by their interruptions? Southey expressed himself to Scott vigorously on this matter. "The introductory epistles I did not wish away because as poems they gave me great pleasure, but I wished them at the end of the volume or at the beginning, anywhere except where they were. My taste is peculiar in disliking all interruptions in narrative poetry. . . . The general opinion, however, is with me in this instance." Lockhart defends the introductions on personal grounds as preserving for posterity a glimpse of Scott's intimate circle of friends. Mr. Hutton goes farther and maintains their artistic value.

"To my mind," he says, "the ease and frankness of these confessions of the author's recollections give a picture of his life and character while writing 'Marmion,' which adds greatly to its attraction as a poem. You have a picture at once not only of the scenery, but of the mind in which that scenery is mirrored, and are brought back frankly, at fit intervals,

from the one to the other, in the mode best adapted to help you to appreciate the relation of the poet to the poem. . . . What can be more truly a part of 'Marmion' as a poem, though not as a story, than that introduction to the first canto in which Scott expresses his passionate sympathy with the high national feeling of the moment, in his tribute to Pitt and Fox, and then reproaches himself for attempting so great a subject and returns to what he calls his 'rude legend,' the very essence of which was, however, a passionate appeal to the spirit of national independence? What can be more germane to the poem than the delineation of the strength the poet had derived from musing in the bare and rugged solitudes of St. Mary's Lake, in the introduction to the second canto? Or than the striking autobiographical study of his own infancy which I have before extracted from the introduction to the third? It seems to me that 'Marmion' without these introductions would be like the hills which border Yarrow, without the stream and the lake in which they are reflected."

III. THE METRE.

Scott made his choice of a suitable poetic form before writing "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and to this choice, with some modifications, he adhered in all his longer poems. His first impulse seems to have been to choose the metre of the popular ballads. This metre regularly consisted of a line of four feet, of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable, followed by a line of three similar feet. Thus—

"O wha' will shoé my fu' fair foot?
 And wha' will glové my hand?
 And wha' will lacé my middle jimp,
 With the new made Lóndon band?"

It was usually written in stanzas of four lines each.

To this metre Scott found objections. He says in the preface to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"The ballad measure itself, which was once listened to as to an enchanting melody, had become hackneyed and sickening from its being the accompaniment of every grinding

hand-organ ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed elegiac, have an effect upon the sense like that of the bed of Procrustes upon the human body ; for as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows that the meaning of each period must be comprehended within four lines, and equally so that it must be extended so as to fill that space. . . .

“In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the author of using the measured short line which forms the structure of so much minstrel poetry that it may be properly termed the Romantic stanza, by way of distinction, and which appears so natural to our language that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it into the verse properly called Heroic, without the use of epithets which are, to say the least, unnecessary. But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to prove a snare to the composer who uses it, by encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy’s kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the ‘fatal facility’ of the octo-syllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to his purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry.”

Accordingly Scott chose to write for the most part in lines of four accents each, arranged in stanzas of varying length and form. The regular ballad metre used largely iambic feet, that is, feet of two syllables with the accent on the second syllable. The monotony which resulted from this Scott varied in “The Lay,” by substituting anapæstic feet, *i.e.*, feet consisting of three syllables with the accent on the last syllable, as in the last line of the ballad stanza quoted above. Such a foot, pronounced in the time usually given to an iambus, makes the line more lively and tripping. He also varied the movement by employing at irregular intervals lines of three feet instead of four.

In "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" Scott uses the same form. In the introductions to the cantos of the former he kept closely to the regular iambic line of four feet, the lines rhyming in couplets. In the body of the poem itself he allows himself much the same freedom, as in "The Lay." In the first five stanzas of "Marmion" the line of three feet is used nineteen times to vary the movement and give the stanzas some trace of structure. Again, Scott departs from the iambic foot, substituting now and then a trochee, especially at the beginning of the line, as in (II., iv.) :

"Theré with | Saint Cuth | bert's Aó | bot old | ."

The rhyme scheme also Scott varied constantly, sometimes rhyming lines in couplets, sometimes alternately, sometimes three together, sometimes four together. Again, the introduction of lyrical passages, such as "Young Lochinvar" and "Where shall the lover rest," gives the desired relief from the monotony of the eight-syllable line. In the first, the movement is anapæstic—

"O young | Lochinvar | has come out | of the West | ;"

in the second, dactylic—

"Wheré shall the | lover rest
Whom the Fates | sever."

These lyrics are thoroughly successful. In the first the anapæsts give a dash and a vigor to the lines that admit no hesitation or pause; in the second the dactyls give dignity and solemnity.

On the whole, Scott's choice of his metre was justified. It is a form lending itself to narration and description, and agreeable to the structure of the English language. The chief fault, that it is too easy, too "fatally easy," to write, in time diminished greatly Scott's success as a poet, but without the facility of metre which lent itself to his headlong speed of composition it is not certain that Scott could

have written sustained poems at all. His power lay not in richness of imagery, in musical tones, in compact subtlety of phrase ; but rather in swiftmess, hurrying energy, and decision of movement. For these his vehicle was better adapted than any other form of English verse.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

First: Although "Marmion" is often used as a book for study, yet few books are read by the average pupil with more pleasure. It may safely be said that the pupil who waits upon the slow succession of class exercises to finish the book is the exception. Therefore it is better to have the poem read at first as a whole, outside the class. The pupil will need little help in appreciating the quarrel between Marmion and Douglas, or the Battle of Flodden. His first impression is more than likely to leave him enthusiastic, ready to believe that the poem has that in it which makes it worth some consideration in detail.

In taking up the poem in the class, this point of view—that of the unprejudiced seeker for pleasure—should not be disregarded. It may be made to lend itself to closer observation of details than is to be expected from pupils reading at home. The effectiveness of Scott's special methods may be pointed out; a few well-directed questions may be asked at times, to keep the progress of the plot clearly in sight; now and then a comment on the verse form will seem to make the enjoyment of the student a little more conscious and tangible, and lead him to look for its recurrence. Of course the pupil will not find the same pleasure in all parts of the poem. The question arises, why not? Is the movement of the story impeded? If so, is there any reason for the delay? Does the description fail to make any appeal, visual or other, to the pupil's imagination? Is it because the details are too numerous or confused, or because they have no sensuous force in themselves? Does the verse itself fail to ring, and merely rat-

tle in rhyme? Let the pupil compare the passage with others, and try to distinguish the exact cause of the difference. Naturally the pupil will have some opinion of the poem as a whole, even if it be little more than an impression of pleasure. He should be encouraged to sharpen this impression by comparing the poem with others. Is it as interesting a story as "The Lady of the Lake?" How does Scott's treatment of nature differ from Wordsworth's in "Tintern Abbey?" Is the verse of "Marmion" as powerful an instrument as Tennyson's? Of course other poets and poems will serve as well as these in this attempt to get at a few literary standards.

Second: However vivid the pupil's enjoyment of the poem may be, it will be reinforced by some reference to the author who wrote it, and to the people for whom it was written. Accordingly, after the poem has been read rapidly, it will be well to take up more or less thoroughly the matter contained in the Introduction. It is the aim of the Introduction to put before the reader very informally some account of Scott's personality, and to show how it was related to the life of Great Britain in the early part of the century. The spiritual movement of romanticism had both political and literary manifestations; with both of these Scott was connected, and both found expression in his work. How close this connection was appears from a glance at Scott's early life and environment; how clear the expression, from reading the poems with the conditions of the time in mind. The first thing, then, to do, in reading Scott's poetry understandingly, is to get into the position, if we can, of the men to whom it was addressed, and to try to read it as they read it. To do this the reader must know something of the romantic movement of the latter part of the eighteenth century and of the political reaction from it in the early years of the nineteenth century. In other words, the best preparation for the reading of Scott's poetry is some acquaintance with the literary and political history of the time. This may be obtained from such works as Green's "History of the English People," and Mr. Saints-

bury's "History of English Literature in the Nineteenth Century." Even Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" will give a valuable introduction to the poem. This reading should be supplemented by some of Wordsworth's earlier poems, by a few of Byron's, and, if possible, by some of the ballads in Percy's "Reliques" and something of "Ossian." The two latter will give some idea of the literary taste of the public to which Scott appealed.

Third: The pupil must see that by spending some time on the details of the poem he will quicken his appreciation of them, and extend his range of appreciation of others. First of all, the words of the poem must be understood thoroughly. The difficulties are, to be sure, few, but these must be mastered before the reader can work in the brightest possible light. Then the background of the poem, historical and legendary, must be known with some minuteness. What world is it that Scott is striving to make us know? What was the civilization represented by pursuivants who call for largess, an ordeal by battle, a chapter of ecclesiastics who immure a nun alive, a palmer from the Holy Land, an innkeeper who sits "yarning" with his guests, a knight who escapes from a castle in spite of drawbridge and portcullis, a battle fought with bows and spears? Was this civilization well established in its details, or was it in transition, giving way to great changes? Is Scott accurate in his description of the age? Does he give it life and reality? Compare "Marmion" with "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Again, the political history of the epoch must be glanced at; the complications of England with continental powers; the connection of Scotland with both parties in the European struggle, and the forces which induced James IV. to make the expedition to Flodden; the reasons for his failure. An outline of this may be found in Green's "History of the English People," and a fuller treatment in Burton's "History of Scotland." Finally, some knowledge of the country in which the scene is laid is necessary, enough at any rate to give a conception of the difficulty and danger of Marmion's visit. Of

course, no one will need to be reminded that the poem is not to be studied as geography or as history, nor yet as archæology or grammar. Scientific knowledge is to be used only so far as it contributes to an understanding and an appreciation of the poem.

It is thus evident that there are three sets of interests in "Marmion"—the interest which it has for the intelligent reader of to-day, the interest of the period for which it was written, and the interest of the time which it portrays. The first is a matter of enjoyment and criticism; the second of literary history; the third of history. They are given above in what seems to me the order of their relative importance. Inasmuch as the poem is one of the books prescribed in the college entrance list for *study*, the teacher will naturally feel that the last two are of most immediate importance, and that the details which occur under the third head are most dangerous as boy-traps on the examination paper. Nevertheless, it is well to bear in mind that if information about the time of Henry VIII., or about literary conditions in England during the Napoleonic wars had been desired, better means of insisting on it would have been devised. This information, so far as the study of "Marmion" is concerned, can be of value only so far as it enables a pupil to read with more understanding, with more sympathy, with more appreciation, and hence with more enjoyment.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

SCOTT'S LIFE.	WORKS.	LITERATURE.	BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
1771. Aug. 15. Born.			1771. Gray and Smollett died.
1792. Called to the Bar.	1796. The Chase, and William and Helen. [Translated from Bürger.]	1774. Burke, Speech on American Taxation.	1772. Coleridge born.
1797. Marriage.	1799. Goetz of Berlichingen. [Translated from Goethe.]	1775. Burke, Speech on Conciliation with America.	1774. Goldsmith died.
1799. Appointed Sheriff-Deputé of Selkirkshire.	1800. The Eve of St. John: a Border Ballad.	1786. Burns, Poems chiefly in the Scottish dialect.	1775. War of American Independence. Jane Austen born.
	1802. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.	1790. Burke, Reflections on the Revolution in France.	1778. Rousseau and Voltaire died.
	1804. Sir Tristram: a Metrical Romance, by Thomas of Erceidoune. [Edited.]	1791. Boswell, Life of Dr. Johnson.	1784. Johnson died.
	1805. The Lay of the Last Minstrel: a Poem.	1794. Ann Radcliffe, Mysteries of Udolpho.	1788. Byron born.
	1806. Original Memoirs written during the great Civil War. [Edited.] Ballads and Lyrical Pieces.	1798. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Lyrical Ballads.	1789. States General meet at Versailles; Fall of Bastille.
1806. Appointed one of the Clerks of Session.	1805. Marmion: a Tale of Flodden Field. Memoirs of Captain George Carleton. [Edited.] Works of John Dryden. [Edited.] Memoirs of Robert Carey. [Edited.] Strutt's Queenhoo-Hall: a Romance. [Edited.]	1807. Byron, Hours of Idleness. Moore, Irish Melodies.	1792. Shelley born.
			1793. Execution of Louis XVI. Fall of the Girondists.
			1794. Fall of Robespierre.
			1795. Keats and Carlyle born.
			1796. Burns died.
			1800. Macanlay born.
			1801. J. H. Newman born.
			1802. Treaty of Amiens.
			1805. Battle of Trafalgar.
			1806. Longfellow born.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—Continued.

SCOTT'S LIFE.	WORKS.	LITERATURE.	BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
1812. Removal to Abotsford.	<p>1809. State Papers and Letters of Sir R. Sadler. [Edited.] Lord Somers' Collection of Scarce and Valuable Tracts. [Edited, 1809-15.]</p> <p>1810. English Minstrelsy. [Edited.] The Lady of the Lake: a Poem.</p> <p>1811. The Vision of Don Roderick: a Poem. Secret History of the Court of James the First. [Edited.]</p> <p>1813. Rokeby: a Poem. Sir P. Warwick's Memoirs of the Reign of King Charles I. [Edited.] The Bridal of Triermain: or, The Vale of St. John.</p> <p>1814. Works of Jonathan Swift. [Edited.] The Letting of Humours Blood into the Head Vaine. [Edited.] Waverley. The Border Antiquities. [1814-17.]</p> <p>1815. The Lord of the Isles: a Poem. Guy Mannering. The Field of Waterloo: a Poem. Memoirs of the Somervilles. [Edited.]</p> <p>1816. Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk. The Antiquary. Tales of My Landlord. First series. [The Black Dwarf, Old Mortality.]</p> <p>1817. Harold the Dauntless: a Poem.</p>	<p>1809. Byron, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.</p> <p>1811. Jane Austen, Sense and Sensibility.</p> <p>1812. Byron, Childe Harold (Cantos I. and II.).</p> <p>1813. Byron, The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos. Shelley, Queen Mab.</p> <p>1814. Byron, The Corsair, Lara. Wordsworth, The Excursion.</p> <p>1815. Byron, Hebrew Melodies. Southey, Carmen Triumphale.</p> <p>1816. Byron, Childe Harold (Canto III.), Siege of Corinth, Prisoner of Chillon, Parisina. Coleridge, Christabel. Shelley, Alastor.</p> <p>1817. Byron, Manfred. Keats, Poems.</p>	<p>1809. Mrs. Browning, Darwin, and Tennyson born.</p> <p>1811. Thackeray born.</p> <p>1812. Browning and Dickens born. Napoleon invades Russia.</p> <p>1814. Congress of Vienna.</p> <p>1815. Battle of Waterloo.</p> <p>1817. Jane Austen died.</p>

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—Continued.

SCOTT'S LIFE.	WORKS.	LITERATURE.	BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
1820. Knighted.	1818. Rob Roy. Tales of My Landlord. Second series. [The Heart of Midlothian.]	1818. Byron, Childe Harold (Canto IV.). Keats, Endymion. Shelley, The Revolt of Islam. Irving, The Sketch Book.	1819. Rnskin, Geo. Eliot, Kingsley, and Lowell born.
1820. Knighted.	1819. Tales of My Landlord. Third series. [The Bride of Lammermoor, The Legend of Montrose.] The Visionary, Nos. 1, 2, 3. Description of the Regalia of Scotland.	1819. Byron, Don Juan (Cantos I. and II.). Crabbe, Tales of the Hall. Shelley, The Cenci.	1820. Spencer and Tyndall born.
1822. George IV. visits Edinburgh.	1820. Ivanhoe. The Monastery. The Abbot. Memorials of the Halburtons. [Edited.] Carey's Trivial Poems and Triplets. [Edited.] 1821. The Novelist's Library. [Edited, 1821-24.] Franck's Northern Memoirs. [Edited.] Kenilworth.	1820. Keats, Lamia, Isabella, Eve of St. Agnes, Hyperion. Shelley, Prometheus Unbound.	1821. Keats died.
1822. George IV. visits Edinburgh.	1822. The Pirate. Chronological Notes of Scottish Affairs, taken chiefly from the diary of Lord Fountainhall. [Edited.] Halidon Hill: a Dramatic Sketch. Military Memoirs of the Great Civil War. [Edited.] The Fortunes of Nigel. Feveril of the Peak.	1821. Byron, Marino Faliero. De Quincey, Confessions of an Opium Eater. Cooper, The Spy.	1822. Shelley died. Matthew Arnold born.
1823. Quentin Durward. 1824. St. Ronan's Well. Redgauntlet. 1825. Tales of the Crusaders. [The Betrothed, The Talisman.]		1822. Irving, Bracebridge Hall.	1824. Byron died. 1825. Huxley born.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—Continued.

SCOTT'S LIFE.	WORKS.	LITERATURE.	BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
1826. Failure of the <i>Balantynes</i> . Death of Lady Scott.	1826. <i>Provincial Antiquities of Scotland</i> . Thoughts on the Proposed Change of Currency. Woodstock.	1826. *Cooper. Last of the Mohicans.	
	1827. Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. <i>Chronicles of the Canongate</i> . First series. [The Highland Widow, The Two Drovers, The Surgeon's Daughter.] <i>Memoirs of the Marchioness de la Rochejaquein</i> . [Translation.]	1827. Alfred and Charles Tennyson, Poems by Two Brothers.	
	1828. <i>Miscellaneous Prose Works</i> , first collected in 6 vols. Tales of a Grandfather. Religious Discourses. <i>Chronicles of the Canongate</i> . Second series. [Saint Valentine's Day; or, The Fair Maid of Perth.]		
	1829. Tales of a Grandfather. Second series. <i>Memorials of George Ballantyne</i> . [Edited.] Anne of Geierstein.		
	1830. Tales of a Grandfather. Third series. The Doom of Devorgoil; a Melo-Drama. Letters on Demonology. The History of Scotland. [Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.]	1830. Alfred Tennyson, Poems chiefly Lyric. Victor Hugo, Hernani.	1830. Revolution in France.
	1831. Tales of a Grandfather. Fourth series.	1831. Poe, The Raven.	
1831. Journey to Italy.	1832. Tales of My Landlord. Fourth series. [Count Robert of Paris, Castle Dangerous.]		1832. Goethe died. English Reform Bill passed.
1832. Sept. 21. Died.			

MARMION:

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

IN SIX CANTOS.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!

LEYDEN.



TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY, LORD MONTAGUE

&c. &c. &c.

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR

ADVERTISEMENT

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author, whom the Public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of "Marmion" must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprize his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeds his plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

Ashestiel, 1808.

INTRODUCTION TO THE EDITION OF 1830

WHAT I have to say respecting this Poem may be briefly told. In the Introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," I have mentioned the circumstances, so far as my literary life is concerned, which induced me to resign the active pursuit of an honourable profession, for the more precarious resources of literature. My appointment to the Sheriffdom of Selkirk called for a change of residence. I left, therefore, the pleasant cottage I had upon the side of the Esk, for the "pleasanter banks of the Tweed," in order to comply with the law, which requires that the Sheriff shall be resident, at least during a certain number of months, within his jurisdiction. We found a delightful retirement, by my becoming the tenant of my intimate friend and cousin-german, Colonel Russel, in his mansion of Ashestiel, which was unoccupied, during his absence on military service in India. The house was adequate to our accommodation, and the exercise of a limited hospitality. The situation is uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river, whose streams are there very favourable for angling, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game. In point of society, according to the heartfelt phrase of Scripture, we dwelt "amongst our own people;" and as the distance from the metropolis was only thirty miles, we were not out of reach of our Edinburgh friends, in which city we spent the terms of the summer and winter Sessions of the Court, that is, five or six months in the year.

An important circumstance had, about the same time, taken place in my life. Hopes had been held out to me from an influential quarter, of a nature to relieve me from

the anxiety which I must have otherwise felt, as one upon the precarious tenure of whose own life rested the principal prospects of his family, and especially as one who had necessarily some dependence upon the favour of the public, which is proverbially capricious; though it is but justice to add, that, in my own case, I have not found it so. Mr. Pitt had expressed a wish to my personal friend, the Right Honourable William Dundas, now Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, that some fitting opportunity should be taken to be of service to me; and as my views and wishes pointed to a future rather than an immediate provision, an opportunity of accomplishing this was soon found. One of the Principal Clerks of Session, as they are called (official persons who occupy an important and responsible situation, and enjoy a considerable income,) who had served upwards of thirty years, felt himself, from age, and the infirmity of deafness with which it was accompanied, desirous of retiring from his official situation. As the law then stood, such official persons were entitled to bargain with their successors, either for a sum of money, which was usually a considerable one, or for an interest in the emoluments of the office during their life. My predecessor, whose services had been unusually meritorious, stipulated for the emoluments of his office during his life, while I should enjoy the survivorship, on the condition that I discharged the duties of the office in the mean time. Mr. Pitt, however, having died in the interval, his administration was dissolved, and was succeeded by that known by the name of the Fox and Grenville Ministry. My affair was so far completed, that my commission lay in the office subscribed by his Majesty; but, from hurry or mistake, the interest of my predecessor was not expressed in it, as had been usual in such cases. Although, therefore, it only required payment of the fees, I could not in honour take out the commission in the present state, since, in the event of my dying before him, the gentleman whom I succeeded must have lost the vested interest which he had stipulated to retain. I had the honour of an interview with Earl Spencer on the subject, and

he, in the most handsome manner, gave directions that the commission should issue as originally intended ; adding, that the matter having received the royal assent, he regarded only as a claim of justice what he would have willingly done as an act of favour. I never saw Mr. Fox on this, or on any other occasion, and never made any application to him, conceiving that in doing so I might have been supposed to express political opinions contrary to those which I had always professed. In his private capacity, there is no man to whom I would have been more proud to owe an obligation, had I been so distinguished.

By this arrangement I obtained the survivorship of an office, the emoluments of which were fully adequate to my wishes ; and as the law respecting the mode of providing for superannuated officers was, about five or six years after, altered from that which admitted the arrangement of assistant and successor, my colleague very handsomely took the opportunity of the alteration, to accept of the retiring annuity provided in such cases, and admitted me to the full benefit of the office.

But although the certainty of succeeding to a considerable income, at the time I obtained it, seemed to assure me of a quiet harbour in my old age, I did not escape my share of inconvenience from the contrary tides and currents by which we are so often encountered in our journey through life. Indeed, the publication of my next poetical attempt was prematurely accelerated, from one of those unpleasant accidents which can neither be foreseen nor avoided.

I had formed the prudent resolution to endeavour to bestow a little more labour than I had yet done on my productions, and to be in no hurry again to announce myself as a candidate for literary fame. Accordingly, particular passages of a poem, which was finally called "*Marmion*," were laboured with a good deal of care, by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed. Whether the work was worth the labour or not, I am no competent judge ; but I may be permitted to say, that the period of its composition was a very happy one, in my life ; so much so, that I remember

with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed. It is probably owing to this, that the Introductions to the several Cantos assumed the form of familiar epistles to my intimate friends, in which I alluded, perhaps more than was necessary or graceful, to my domestic occupations and amusements—a loquacity which may be excused by those who remember, that I was still young, light-headed, and happy, and that “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

The misfortunes of a near relation and friend, which happened at this time, led me to alter my prudent determination, which had been, to use great precaution in sending this poem into the world; and made it convenient at least, if not absolutely necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers of “*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,” emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for “*Marmion*.” The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an apology for including me in his satire, entitled “*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.”* I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons

* [The passage referred to is as follows :

“Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half a crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long 'Good-night to Marmion.'”]

concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise—I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the Poem was so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish house-keeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret.

The Poem was finished in too much haste, to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing, some of its most prominent defects. The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times, was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial, rather than a proud and warlike age. This gross defect ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen. I remember my friend, Dr. Leyden, then in the East, wrote me a furious remonstrance on the subject. I have, nevertheless, always been of opinion, that corrections, however in themselves judicious, have a bad effect—after publication. An author is never so decidedly condemned as on his own confession, and may long find apologists and partisans until he gives up his own cause. I was not, therefore, inclined to afford matter for censure out of my own admissions; and, by good fortune, the novelty of the subject, and, if I may say so, some force and vivacity of description, were allowed to atone for many imperfections. Thus the second experiment on the public patience, generally the most perilous,—for the public are then most apt to judge with rigour, what in the first instance they had received, perhaps, with imprudent generosity,—was in my case decidedly successful. I had the good fortune to pass this ordeal favourably, and the return

of sales before me makes the copies amount to thirty-six thousand printed between 1808 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period. I shall here pause upon the subject of "Marmion," and, in a few prefatory words to "The Lady of the Lake," the last poem of mine which obtained eminent success, I will continue the task which I have imposed on myself respecting the origin of my productions.

ABBOTSFORD, *April*, 1830.

M A R M I O N

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through :
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green, 10
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with double speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed ;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath-fell ; 20
Sallow his brow, and russet bare

Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
 The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
 To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
 Where yet some faded herbage pines,
 And yet a watery sunbeam shines :
 In meek despondency they eye
 The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
 And far beneath their summer hill,
 Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill : 30
 The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
 And wraps him closer from the cold ;
 His dogs no merry circles wheel,
 But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
 A cowering glance they often cast,
 As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
 As best befits the mountain child,
 Feel the sad influence of the hour,
 And wail the daisy's vanish'd flower ; 40
 Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
 And anxious ask,—“ Will spring return,
 And birds and lambs again be gay,
 And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ? ”

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
 Again shall paint your summer bower ;
 Again the hawthorn shall supply
 The garlands you delight to tie ;
 The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
 The wild birds carol to the round, 50
 And while you frolic light as they,
 Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings ;
 The genial call dead Nature hears,
 And in her glory reappears.

But oh ! my country's wintry state
 What second spring shall renovate ?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike and the wise ; 60
 The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
 The hand that grasp'd the victor steel ?
 The vernal sun new life bestows
 Even on the meanest flower that blows ;
 But vainly, vainly may he shine,
 Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine ;
 And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
 That shrouds, O PRIT, thy hallow'd tomb !

Deep grav'd in every British heart,
 O never let those names depart ! 70
 Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
 Who victor died on Gadite wave ;
 To him, as to the burning levin,
 Short, bright, resistless course was given ;
 Where'er his country's foes were found,
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Roll'd, blaz'd, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth
 Who bade the conqueror go forth, 80
 And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
 On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,
 For Britain's weal was early wise ;
 Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
 For Britain's sins, an early grave !
 His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
 A bauble held the pride of power,
 Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
 And served his Albion for herself ; 90
 Who, when the frantic crowd amain
 Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,

O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
 The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
 Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
 And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's
 laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand ; 100
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne :
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
 When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey, 110
 With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
 Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
 Each call for needful rest repell'd,
 With dying hand the rudder held,
 Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
 The steerage of the realm gave way !
 Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
 One unpolluted church remains,
 Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
 The bloody tocsin's maddening sound, 120
 But still, upon the hallow'd day,
 Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
 While faith and civil peace are dear,
 Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
 He who preserved them, PITT, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
 Because his rival slumbers nigh ;

Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
 Lest it be said o'er FOX's tomb.
 For talents mourn, untimely lost, 130
 When best employ'd, and wanted most ;
 Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
 They sleep with him who sleeps below :
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppress'd, 140
 And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;
 Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
 Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
 The distant notes of holy song,
 As if some angel spoke again,
 " All peace on earth, good-will to men ;"
 If ever from an English heart, 150
 O, *here* let prejudice depart,
 And, partial feeling cast aside,
 Record that FOX a Briton died !
 When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
 And the firm Russian's purpose brave
 Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
 Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
 The sullied olive-branch return'd,
 Stood for his country's glory fast, 160
 And nail'd her colours to the mast !
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
 A portion in this honour'd grave,
 And ne'er held marble in its trust
 Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
 How high they soar'd above the crowd !
 Theirs was no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
 Like fabled Gods, their mighty war 170
 Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Look'd up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of PITT and FOX alone.
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky.
 These spells are spent, and, spent with these, 180
 The wine of life is on the lees.
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
 For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
 Where—taming thought to human pride !—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
 Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
 And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,— 190
 " Here let their discord with them die.
 Speak not for those a separate doom,
 Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb ;
 But search the land of living men,
 Where wilt thou find their like again ?"

Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries
 Of dying Nature bid you rise ;
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse ;
 Then, O how impotent and vain 200
 This grateful tributary strain !

Though not unmark'd from northern clime,
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme :
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung ;
 The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names has
 sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
 My wilder'd fancy still beguile !
 From this high theme how can I part,
 Ere half unloaded is my heart !
 For all the tears e'er sorrow drew, 210
 And all the raptures fancy knew,
 And all the keener rush of blood,
 That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
 Were here a tribute mean and low,
 Though all their mingled streams could flow—
 Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
 In one spring-tide of ecstasy !—
 It will not be—it may not last—
 The vision of enchantment's past :
 Like frostwork in the morning ray, 220
 The fancied fabric melts away ;
 Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
 And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone ;
 And, lingering last, deception dear,
 The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
 Now slow return the lonely down,
 The silent pastures bleak and brown,
 The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
 The gambols of each frolic child,
 Mixing their shrill cries with the tone 230
 Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
 Thus Nature disciplines her son :
 Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
 And waste the solitary day,
 In plucking from yon fen the reed,
 And watch it floating down the Tweed ;

Or idly list the shrilling lay
 With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
 Marking its cadence rise and fail, 240
 As from the field, beneath her pail,
 She trips it down the uneven dale :
 Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
 The ancient shepherd's tale to learn ;
 Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
 Lest his old legends tire the ear
 Of one, who, in his simple mind,
 May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell,
 (For few have read romance so well,) 250
 How still the legendary lay
 O'er poet's bosom holds its sway ;
 How on the ancient minstrel strain
 Time lays his palsied hand in vain ;
 And how our hearts at doughty deeds,
 By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
 Still throb for fear and pity's sake ;
 As when the Champion of the Lake
 Enters Morgana's fated house,
 Or in the Chapel Perilous, 260
 Despising spells and demons' force,
 Holds converse with the unburied corse ;
 Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,
 (Alas, that lawless was their love !)
 He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
 And freed full sixty knights ; or when,
 A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
 He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
 And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
 He might not view with waking eye. 270

The mightiest chiefs of British song
 Scorn'd not such legends to prolong :

They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
 And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;
 And Dryden, in immortal strain,
 Had raised the Table Round again,
 But that a ribald King and Court
 Bade him toil on, to make them sport ;
 Demanded for their niggard pay,
 Fit for their souls, a looser lay, 280
 Licentious satire, song, and play ;
 The world defrauded of the high design,
 Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,
 Though dwindled sons of little men,
 Essay to break a feeble lance
 In the fair fields of old romance ;
 Or seek the moated castle's cell,
 Where long through talisman and spell,
 While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept, 290
 Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept :
 There sound the harpings of the North,
 Till he awake and sally forth,
 On venturous quest to prick again,
 In all his arms, with all his train,
 Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
 Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
 And wizard with his wand of might,
 And errant maid on palfrey white.
 Around the Genius weave their spells, 300
 Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells ;
 Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd ;
 And Honour, with his spotless shield ;
 Attention, with fix'd eye ; and Fear,
 That loves the tale she shrinks to hear ;
 And gentle Courtesy ; and Faith,
 Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death ;
 And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
 Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown, 310
A worthy meed may thus be won ;
Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,
And that Red King, who, while of old,
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renew'd such legendary strain ;
For thou hast sung, how he of Gaul, 320
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Oriana, foil'd in fight
The Necromancer's felon might ;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love :
Hear then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CASTLE.

I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone :
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height :
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

10

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung ;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barr'd ;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard ;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

20

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddlebow ; 60
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been ;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field ;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire ;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare, 70
His thick mustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age ;
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel ;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost, 80
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd ;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast ;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soar'd sable in an azure field :
The golden legend bore aright,
~~Who~~ checks at me, to death is dight.
Blue was the charger's broider'd rein ;

Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane ; 90
 The knightly housing's ample fold
 Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
 Of noble name, and knightly sires ;
 They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim :
 For well could each a war-horse tame,
 Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
 And lightly bear the ring away ;
 Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
 Could dance in hall, and carve at board, 100
 And frame love-ditties passing rare,
 And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
 With halbert, bill, and battle-axe :
 They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
 And led his sumpter-mules along,
 And ambling palfrey, when at need
 Him listed ease his battle-steed.
 The last and trustiest of the four
 On high his forky pennon bore ; 110
 Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
 Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
 Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
 The towering falcon seem'd to soar.
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
 In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
 With falcons broider'd on each breast,
 Attended on their lord's behest.
 Each, chosen for an archer good,
 Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ; 120

Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys and array
Shew'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,
 The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion, 130
To welcome noble Marmion,
 Stood in the castle-yard ;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
 For welcome-shot prepared :
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
 Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
 The trumpets flourish'd brave, 140
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
 And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
 The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
 He scatter'd angels round.
“ Welcome to Norham, Marmion !
 Stout heart, and open hand !
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
 Thou flower of English land !” 150

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
 With silver scutcheon round their neck,
 Stood on the steps of stone,
 By which you reach the donjon gate,
 And there, with herald pomp and state,
 They hail'd Lord Marmion :
 They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
 Of Tamworth tower and town ;
 And he, their courtesy to requite, 160
 Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
 All as he lighted down.
 " Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
 Knight of the crest of gold !
 A blazon'd shield, in battle won,
 Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

XII.

They marshall'd him to the castle-hall,
 Where the guests stood all aside,
 And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
 And the heralds loudly cried, 170
 — " Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion,
 With the crest and helm of gold !
 Full well we know the trophies won
 In the lists at Cottiswold :
 There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
 'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;
 To him he lost his lady-love,
 And to the King his land.
 Ourselves beheld the listed field,
 A sight both sad and fair ; 180
 We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
 And saw his saddle bare ;

We saw the victor win the crest,
 He wears with worthy pride ;
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
 His foeman's scutcheon tied.
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !
 Room, room, ye gentles gay,
 For him who conquer'd in the right,
 Marmion of Fontenaye !”

190

XIII.

Then stepp'd to meet that noble lord,
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
 Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
 And Captain of the Hold.
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
 Raised o'er the pavement high,
 And placed him in the upper place—
 They feasted full and high :
 The whiles a Northern harper rude
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,

200

“ *How the fierce Thirwalls, and Riddleys all,
 Stout Willimondswick,
 And Hardriding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw.*”

Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
 The harper's barbarous lay ;
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,
 And well those pains did pay :
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

210

XIV.

“ Now, good Lord Marmion,” Heron says,
 “ Of your fair courtesy,

I pray you bide some little space
 In this poor tower with me.
 Here may you keep your arms from rust,
 May breathe your war-horse well ;
 Seldom hath pass'd a week but giust
 Or feat of arms befell : 220
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
 And love to couch a spear ;—
 Saint George ! a stirring life they lead,
 That have such neighbours near.
 Then stay with us a little space,
 Our northern wars to learn ;
 I pray you, for your lady's grace !"—
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
 And gave a squire the sign ; 230
 A mighty wassel-bowl he took,
 And crown'd it high with wine.
 " Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion :
 But first I pray thee fair,
 Where hast thou left that page of thine,
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,
 Whose beauty was so rare ?
 When last in Raby towers we met,
 The boy I closely eyed,
 And often mark'd his cheeks were wet 240
 With tears he fain would hide :
 His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
 To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
 Or saddle battle-steed ;
 But meeter seem'd for lady fair,
 To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
 Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
 The slender silk to lead :

His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
 His bosom—when he sigh'd, 250
 The russet doubtlet's rugged fold
 Could scarce repel its pride !
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
 To serve in lady's bower ?
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
 A gentle paramour ? ”

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest ;
 He roll'd his kindling eye,
 With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
 Yet made a calm reply : 260
 “ That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
 He might not brook the northern air.
 More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
 I left him sick in Lindisfarn :
 Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
 Why does thy lovely lady gay
 Disdain to grace the hall to-day ?
 Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
 Gone on some pious pilgrimage ? ”—
 He spoke in covert scorn, for fame 270
 Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
 Careless the knight replied,
 “ No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
 Delights in cage to bide .
 Norham is grim and grated close,
 Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
 And many a darksome tower ;

And better loves my lady bright
 To sit in liberty and light, 280
 In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
 We hold our greyhound in our hand,
 Our falcon on our glove ;
 But where shall we find leash or band,
 For dame that loves to rove ?
 Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
 She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—

XVIII.

“ Nay, if with Royal James's bride
 The lovely Lady Heron bide, 290
 Behold me here a messenger,
 Your tender greetings prompt to bear ;
 For, to the Scottish court address'd,
 I journey at our King's behest,
 And pray you, of your grace, provide
 For me, and mine, a trusty guide.
 I have not ridden in Scotland since
 James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
 Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
 Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
 Then did I march with Surrey's power, 300
 What time we razed old Ayton tower."—

XIX.

“ For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
 Norham can find you guides enow ;
 For here be some have prick'd as far,
 On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ;
 Have drunk the monks of Saint Bothan's ale,
 And driven the beeves of Lauderdale ;
 Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
 And given them light to set their hoods."—

XX.

“Now, in good sooth,” Lord Marmion cried, 310
 “Were I in warlike wise to ride,
 A better guard I would not lack,
 Than your stout forayers at my back ;
 But as in form of peace I go,
 A friendly messenger, to know,
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,
 Their King is mustering troops for war,
 The sight of plundering Border spears
 Might justify suspicious fears,
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil, 320
 Break out in some unseemly broil :
 A herald were my fitting guide ;
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide ;
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.”

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
 And pass'd his hand across his face.
 —“Fain would I find the guide you want,
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,
 The only men that safe can ride 330
 Mine errands on the Scottish side :
 And though a bishop built this fort,
 Few holy brethren here resort ;
 Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
 Since our last siege, we have not seen :
 The mass he might not sing or say,
 Upon one stinted meal a-day ;
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
 And pray'd for our success the while.
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide, 340
 Is all too well in case to ride ;

The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
 The wildest war-horse in your train ;
 But then, no spearman in the hall
 Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
 Friar John of Tillmouth were the man :
 A blithesome brother at the can,
 A welcome guest in hall and bower,
 He knows each castle, town, and tower,
 In which the wine and ale is good, 350
 'Twi't Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
 But that good man, as ill befalls,
 Hath seldom left our castle walls,
 Since, on the vigil of Saint Bede,
 In evil hour he cross'd the Tweed,
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.
 Old Bughtrig found him with his wife ;
 And John, an enemy to strife,
 Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
 The jealous churl hath deeply swore, 360
 That, if again he venture o'er,
 He shall shrieve penitent no more.
 Little he loves such risks, I know ;
 Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
 Carved to his uncle and that lord,
 And reverently took up the word.
 "Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
 If harm should hap to brother John.
 He is a man of mirthful speech, 370
 Can many a game and gambol teach ;
 Full well at tables can he play,
 And sweep at bowls the stake away.
 None can a lustier carol bawl,
 The needfullest among us all,
 When time hangs heavy in the hall,

And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
 And we can neither hunt, nor ride
 A foray on the Scottish side.
 The vow'd revenge of Bughrig rude 380
 May end in worse than loss of hood.
 Let Friar John, in safety, still
 In chimney-corner snore his fill,
 Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill :
 Last night, to Norham there came one,
 Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
 "Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
 Well hast thou spoke ; say forth thy say."—

XXIII.

" Here is a holy Palmer come,
 From Salem first, and last from Rome ; 390
 One that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
 And visited each holy shrine
 In Araby and Palestine ;
 On hills of Armenie hath been,
 Where Noah's ark may yet be seen ;
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
 Which parted at the Prophet's rod ;
 In Sinai's wilderness he saw
 The Mount where Israel heard the law,
 'Mid thunder-dint and flashing levin, 400
 And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
 He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell ;
 And of that Grot where Olives nod,
 Where, darling of each heart and eye,
 From all the youth of Sicily,
 Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV.

" To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
 Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,

Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede, 410
 For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
 He knows the passes of the North,
 And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth ;
 Little he eats, and long will wake,
 And drinks but of the stream or lake.
 This were a guide o'er moor and dale ;
 But, when our John hath quaff'd his ale,
 As little as the wind that blows,
 And warms itself against his nose,
 Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."— 420

XXV.

"Gramercy !" quoth Lord Marmion,
 "Full loth were I, that Friar John,
 That venerable man, for me,
 Were placed in fear or jeopardy.
 If this same Palmer will me lead
 From hence to Holy-Rood,
 Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
 Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
 With angels fair and good.
 I love such holy rambles ; still 430
 They know to charm a weary hill,
 With song, romance, or lay :
 Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
 Some lying legend, at the least,
 They bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI.

"Ah ! noble sir," young Selby said,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 "This man knows much, perchance e'en more
 Than he could learn by holy lore.
 Still to himself he's muttering, 440
 And shrinks as at some unseen thing.

Last night we listen'd at his cell ;
 Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
 He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er
 No living mortal could be near.
 Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
 As other voices spoke again.
 I cannot tell—I like it not—
 Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
 No conscience clear, and void of wrong, 450
 Can rest awake, and pray so long.
 Himself still sleeps before his beads
 Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds."—

XXVII.

—“ Let pass,” quoth Marmion ; “ by my fay,
 This man shall guide me on my way,
 Although the great arch-fiend and he
 Had sworn themselves of company.
 So please you, gentle youth, to call
 This Palmer to the castle-hall.”
 The summon'd Palmer came in place ; 460
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face ;
 In his black mantle was he clad,
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
 On his broad shoulders wrought ;
 The scallop shell his cap did deck ;
 The crucifix around his neck
 Was from Loretto brought ;
 His sandals were with travel tore,
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore ;
 The faded palm-branch in his hand 470
 Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
 Nor lord nor knight was there more tall,

Or had a statelier step withal,
 Or look'd more high and keen ;
 For no saluting did he wait,
 But strode across the hall of state,
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,
 As he his peer had been.
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil ; 480
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while !
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye look'd haggard wild :
 Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,
 She had not known her child.
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know—
 For deadly fear can time outgo, 490
 And blanch at once the hair ;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
 More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask ;
 The Palmer took on him the task,
 So he would march with morning tide, 500
 To Scottish court to be his guide.
 “ But I have solemn vows to pay,
 And may not linger by the way,
 To fair Saint Andrew's bound,
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
 From midnight to the dawn of day,
 Sung to the billows' sound ;

Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel, 510
And the crazed brain restore :
Saint Mary grant that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more !”

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest, 520
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drain'd it merrily ;
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er ;
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round. 530

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose :
And first the chapel doors unclose ;
Then, after morning rites were done,
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)
And knight and squire had broke their fast,
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse :
Then came the stirrup-cup in course ;
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost ; 540

High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had past
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
 And shook the Scottish shore ;
Around the castle eddied slow
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
 And hid its turrets hoar ;
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

550

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOT, M.A.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,
 Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
 When these waste glens with copse were lined,
 And peopled with the hart and hind.
 Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
 Have fenced him for three hundred years,
 While fell around his green compeers—
 Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
 The changes of his parent dell,
 Since he, so grey and stubborn now, 10
 Waved in each breeze a sapling bough ;
 Would he could tell how deep the shade
 A thousand mingled branches made ;
 How broad the shadows of the oak,
 How clung the rowan to the rock,
 And through the foliage show'd his head,
 With narrow leaves and berries red ;
 What pines on every mountain sprung,
 O'er every dell what birches hung,
 In every breeze what aspens shook, 20
 What alders shaded every brook !

“ Here, in my shade,” methinks he'd say,
 “ The mighty stag at noon-tide lay ;
 The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
 (The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
 With lurching step around me prowl,
 And stop, against the moon to howl ;

The mountain-boar, on battle set,
 His tusks upon my stem would whet ;
 While doe, and roe, and red-deer good, 30
 Have bounded by, through gay green-wood.
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power :
 A thousand vassals muster'd round,
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound ;
 And I might see the youth intent,
 Guard every pass with crossbow bent ;
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,
 And falc'ners hold the ready hawk ;
 And foresters, in green-wood trim, 40
 Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
 Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
 From the dark covert drove the prey,
 To slip them as he broke away.
 The startled quarry bounds amain,
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain ;
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,
 Answers the harquebuss below ;
 While all the rocking hills reply,
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry, 50
 And bugles ringing lightsomely."

Of such proud huntings, many tales
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,
 Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
 Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.
 But not more blithe that silvan court,
 Than we have been at humbler sport ;
 Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
 Our mirth, dear Marriot, was the same.
 Remember'st thou my greyhounds true ? 60
 O'er holt or hill there never flew,
 From slip or leash there never sprang,
 More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.

Nor dull, between each merry chase,
 Pass'd by the intermitted space ;
 For we had fair resource in store,
 In Classic and in Gothic lore :
 We mark'd each memorable scene,
 And held poetic talk between ;
 Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along, 70
 But had its legend or its song.
 All silent now—for now are still
 Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill !
 No longer, from thy mountains dun,
 The yeoman hears the well-known gun,
 And while his honest heart glows warm,
 At thought of his paternal farm,
 Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
 And drinks, “ The Chieftain of the Hills ! ”
 No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers, 80
 Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
 Fair as the elves whom Janet saw
 By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh ;
 No youthful Baron's left to grace
 The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
 And ape, in manly step and tone,
 The majesty of Oberon :
 And she is gone, whose lovely face
 Is but her least and lowest grace ;
 Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given, 90
 To show our earth the charms of Heaven,
 She could not glide along the air,
 With form more light, or face more fair.
 No more the widow's deafen'd ear
 Grows quick, that lady's step to hear :
 At noontide she expects her not,
 Nor busies her to trim the cot ;
 Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
 Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal,
 Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread, 100
 The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
 Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
 Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
 Till all his eddying currents boil,—
 Her long descended lord is gone,
 And left us by the stream alone.
 And much I miss those sportive boys,
 Companions of my mountain joys,
 Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, 110
 When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
 Close to my side, with what delight
 They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,
 When, pointing to his airy mound,
 I call'd his ramparts holy ground !
 Kindled their brows to hear me speak ;
 And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
 Despite the difference of our years,
 Return again the glow of theirs.
 Ah, happy boys ! such feelings pure, 120
 They will not, cannot long endure ;
 Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
 You may not linger by the side ;
 For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
 And passion ply the sail and oar.
 Yet cherish the remembrance still
 Of the lone mountain, and the rill ;
 For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
 When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
 And you will think right frequently, 130
 But, well I hope, without a sigh,
 On the free hours that we have spent,
 Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone,
 Something, my friend, we yet may gain ;
 There is a pleasure in this pain :
 It soothes the love of lonely rest,

Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
 'Tis silent amid worldly toils, 140
 And stifled soon by mental broils ;
 But, in a bosom thus prepared,
 Its still small voice is often heard,
 Whispering a mingled sentiment,
 'Twixt resignation and content.
 Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
 By lone Saint Mary's silent lake ;
 Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
 Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink 150
 At once upon the level brink ;
 And just a trace of silver sand
 Marks where the water meets the land.
 Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
 Each hill's huge outline you may view ;
 Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
 Save where, of land, yon slender line
 Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
 Yet even this nakedness has power, 160
 And aids the feeling of the hour :
 Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
 Where living thing conceal'd might lie ;
 Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
 Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell ;
 There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
 You see that all is loneliness :
 And silence aids—though the steep hills
 Send to the lake a thousand rills ;
 In summer tide so soft they weep, 170
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
 But well I ween the dead are near ;

For though, in feudal strife, a foe
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
 Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
 The peasant rests him from his toil,
 And, dying, bids his bones be laid, 180
 Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
 And fate had cut my ties to life,
 Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
 And rear again the chaplain's cell,
 Like that same peaceful hermitage,
 Where Milton long'd to spend his age.
 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day
 On Bourhope's lonely top decay ;
 And, as it faint and feeble died 190
 On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
 To say, " Thus pleasures fade away ;
 Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,
 And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey ;"
 Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
 And think on Yarrow's faded Flower :
 And when that mountain-sound I heard,
 Which bids us be for storm prepared,
 The distant rustling of his wings,
 As up his force the Tempest brings, 200
 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
 To sit upon the Wizard's grave ;
 That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
 From company of holy dust ;
 On which no sunbeam ever shines
 (So superstition's creed divines) ;
 Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
 Heave her broad billows to the shore ;
 And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
 Spread wide through mist their snowy sail, 210
 And ever stoop again, to lave
 Their bosoms on the surging wave ;

Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire ;
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak, 220
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home !
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I clear'd,
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
(Though but escape from fortune's strife,)
Something most matchless good and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice ; 230
And deem each hour to musing given
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes displease ;
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war :
And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch Skene.
There eagles scream from isle to shore ; 240
Down all the rocks the torrents roar ;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven ;
Through the rude barriers of the lake
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.

Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemn'd to lave 250
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep, deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave, 260
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriot, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung :
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

CANTO SECOND.

THE CONVENT.

I.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke
Round Norham Castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the hold—
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,
Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle, 10
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home ;
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joy'd they in their honour'd freight ;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed, 20
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,

For all to them was strange and new,
 And all the common sights they view
 Their wonderment engage.
 One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail
 With many a benedicite ; 30
 One at the rippling surge grew pale,
 And would for terror pray ;
 Then shriek'd, because the seadog, nigh,
 His round black head, and sparkling eye,
 Rear'd o'er the foaming spray ;
 And one would still adjust her veil,
 Disorder'd by the summer gale,
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye
 Her dedicated charms might spy,
 Perchance, because such action graced 40
 Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.
 Light was each simple bosom there,
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
 But early took the veil and hood,
 Ere upon life she cast a look,
 Or knew the world that she forsook.
 Fair too she was, and kind had been 50
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
 For her a timid lover sigh,
 Nor knew the influence of her eye.
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,
 Combined with vanity and shame ;
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
 Bounded within the cloister wall ;
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach
 Was of monastic rule the breach ;
 And her ambition's highest aim
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame. 60

For this she gave her ample dower,
 To raise the convent's eastern tower ;
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,
 She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
 And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
 With ivory and gems emboss'd.
 The poor her convent's bounty blest,
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
 Reform'd on Benedictine school ; 70
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare ;
 Vigils, and penitence austere,
 Had early quench'd the light of youth,
 But gentle was the dame, in sooth ;
 Though, vain of her religious sway,
 She loved to see her maids obey,
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
 Sad was this voyage to the dame ;
 Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came, 80
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,
 For inquisition stern and strict,
 On two apostates from the faith,
 And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
 Save this, that she was young and fair ;
 As yet a novice unprofess'd,
 Lovely and gentle, but distress'd. 90
 She was betroth'd to one now dead,
 Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled.

Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
 To one who loved her for her land :
 Herself, almost broken-hearted now,
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,
 And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
 Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
 And seem'd to mark the waves below ; 100
 Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,
 To count them as they glided by.
 She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
 Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
 A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,
 Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there ;
 There saw she, where some careless hand
 O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,
 To hide it till the jackals come,
 To tear it from the scanty tomb.— 110
 See what a woeful look was given,
 As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—
 These charms might tame the fiercest breast :
 Harpers have sung, and poets told,
 That he, in fury uncontroll'd,
 The shaggy monarch of the wood,
 Before a virgin, fair and good,
 Hath pacified his savage mood.
 But passions in the human frame 120
 Oft put the lion's rage to shame :
 And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
 With sordid avarice in league,
 Had practised with their bowl and knife,

Against the mourner's harmless life.
 This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
 Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey.

VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
 Of mountainous Northumberland ;
 Towns, towers, and halls successive rise, 130
 And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
 Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
 And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;
 They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
 Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;
 They pass'd the tower of Widderington,
 Mother of many a valiant son ;
 At Coquet-isle their beads they tell 140
 To the good Saint who own'd the cell ;
 Then did the Alne attention claim,
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;
 And next they cross'd themselves to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near,
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
 On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore ;
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there,
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock look grimly down, 150
 And on the swelling ocean frown ;
 Then from the coast they bore away,
 And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
 And girdled in the Saint's domain :
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style
 Varies from continent to isle ;

Dry shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
 Twice every day, the waves efface
 Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace. 160
 As to the port the galley flew,
 Higher and higher rose to view
 The castle with its battled walls,
 The ancient monastery's halls,
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
 Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that abbey frown'd,
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate, row and row, 170
 On ponderous columns, short and low,
 Built ere the art was known,
 By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
 The arcades of an alley'd walk
 To emulate in stone.
 On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
 Had pour'd his impious rage in vain ;
 And needful was such strength to these,
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway, 180
 Open to rovers fierce as they,
 Which could twelve hundred years withstand
 Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
 Not but that portions of the pile,
 Rebuilt in a later style,
 Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been ;
 Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
 Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
 And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
 And rounded, with consuming power, 190
 The pointed angles of each tower ;

Yet still entire the abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close ;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar, 200
According chorus rose :
Down to the haven of the Isle
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;
Banner, and cross, and relics there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rush'd emulously through the flood 210
To hale the bark to land ;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
And bless'd them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the convent banquet made :
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye, 220
The stranger sisters roam ;
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,

For there even summer night is chill.
 Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
 They closed around the fire ;
 And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
 The rival merits of their saint,
 A theme that ne'er can tire
 A holy maid ; for be it known
 That their saint's honour is their own.

230

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
 How to their house three barons bold
 Must menial service do ;
 While horns blow out a note of shame,
 And monks cry " Fye upon your name !
 In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
 Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—
 " This, on Ascension-day, each year,
 While labouring on our harbour-pier,
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."—
 They told how in their convent-cell
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,
 The lovely Edelfled ;
 And how, of thousand snakes, each one
 Was changed into a coil of stone,
 When holy Hilda pray'd ;
 Themselves, within their holy bound,
 Their stony folds had often found.
 They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
 As over Whitby's towers they sail,
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
 They do their homage to the saint.

240

250

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
 To vie with these in holy tale ;

His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told ;
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor, 260
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.

They rested them in fair Melrose ;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose ;
For, wondrous tale to tell !

In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,

Downward to Tilmouth cell. 270

Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair ;
Chester-le-Street and Ripon saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw

Hail'd him with joy and fear ;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,

Looks down upon the Wear.

There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade, 280
His relics are in secret laid ;

But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,

Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare !
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,
(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,

And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail, 290
 And the bold men of Teviotdale,)

 Before his standard fled.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
 And turn'd the Conqueror back again,
 When, with his Norman bowyer band,
 He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
 If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame 300
 The sea-born beads that bear his name :
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
 And said they might his shape behold,
 And hear his anvil sound ;
 A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
 And night were closing round.
 But this, as tale of idle fame,
 The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go, 310
 Far different was the scene of woe,
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
 Council was held of life and death.
 It was more dark and lone, that vault,
 Than the worst dungeon cell ;
 Old Colwulf built it, for his fault
 In penitence to dwell,
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
 This den, which, chilling every sense 320
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,

Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,
 Excluding air and light,
 Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
 A place of burial for such dead
 As, having died in mortal sin,
 Might not be laid the church within.
 'Twas now a place of punishment ;
 Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,
 As reach'd the upper air, 330
 The hearers bless'd themselves, and said
 The spirits of the sinful dead
 Bemoan'd their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
 Did of this penitential aisle
 Some vague tradition go,
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew
 Where the place lay ; and still more few
 Were those who had from him the clew
 To that dread vault to go. 340
 Victim and executioner
 Were blindfold when transported there.
 In low dark rounds the arches hung,
 From the rude rock the side-walls sprung ;
 The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
 Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
 Were all the pavement of the floor ;
 The mildew-drops fell one by one,
 With tinkling splash, upon the stone.
 A cresset, in an iron chain, 350
 Which served to light this drear domain,
 With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,
 As if it scarce might keep alive ;
 And yet it dimly served to show
 The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
 Were placed the heads of convents three ;
 All servants of Saint Benedict,
 The statutes of whose order strict
 On iron table lay ; 360
 In long black dress, on seats of stone,
 Behind were these three judges shown
 By the pale cresset's ray :
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda's there
 Sat for a space with visage bare,
 Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
 And tear-drops that for pity fell,
 She closely drew her veil :
 Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
 By her proud mien and flowing dress, 370
 Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
 And she with awe looks pale :
 And he, that ancient man, whose sight
 Has long been quench'd by age's night,
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone
 Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shown,
 Whose look is hard and stern,—
 Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;
 For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
 The Saint of Lindisfarne. 380

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;
 But, though an equal fate they share,
 Yet one alone deserves our care.
 Her sex a page's dress belied ;
 The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
 Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
 Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;
 And, on her doublet breast,

She tried to hide the badge of blue,
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest. 390
But, at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band
 That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
 In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the Church number'd with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled. 400

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening fair),
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy ;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And òf her bosom, warranted 410
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there ;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
 Such as does murder for a meed ;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
 Feels not the import of his deed ;
One whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires 420
Beyond his own more brute desires.

Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
 To do the savagest of deeds ;
 For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
 One fear with them, of all most base,
 The fear of death,—alone finds place.
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
 His body on the floor to dash, 430
 And crouch, like hound beneath the lash ;
 While his mute partner, standing near,
 Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
 Well might her paleness terror speak !
 For there were seen in that dark wall
 Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall ;—
 Who enters at such grisly door
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
 In each a slender meal was laid, 440
 Of roots, of water, and of bread :
 By each, in Benedictine dress,
 Two haggard monks stood motionless ;
 Who, holding high a blazing torch,
 Show'd the grim entrance of the porch :
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
 Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
 And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose 450
 As men who were with mankind foes,
 And, with despite and envy fired,
 Into the cloister had retired ;

Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
 Strove, by deep penance, to efface
 Of some foul crime the stain ;
 For, as the vassals of her will,
 Such men the Church selected still,
 As either joy'd in doing ill,
 Or thought more grace to gain 460
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down
 Feelings their nature strove to own.
 By strange device were they brought there,
 They knew not how, and knew not where.

XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
 To speak the Chapter's doom
 On those the wall was to enclose,
 Alive, within the tomb ;
 But stopp'd, because that woeful maid,
 Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd. 470
 Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain ;
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
 From her convulsed and quivering lip ;
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
 You seem'd to hear a distant rill—
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;
 For though this vault of sin and fear
 Was to the sounding surge so near,
 A tempest there you scarce could hear, 480
 So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart
 The blood that curdled to her heart,

And light came to her eye,
 And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,
 A hectic and a flutter'd streak,
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
 By Autumn's stormy sky ;
 And when her silence broke at length,
 Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,
 And arm'd herself to bear. 490
 It was a fearful sight to see
 Such high resolve and constancy,
 In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

“ I speak not to implore your grace ;
 Well know I, for one minute's space
 Successless might I sue :
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;
 For if a death of lingering pain
 To cleanse my sins be penance vain, 500
 Vain are your masses too.—
 I listen'd to a traitor's tale,
 I left the convent and the veil ;
 For three long years I bow'd my pride,
 A horse-boy in his train to ride ;
 And well my folly's meed he gave,
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,
 All here, and all beyond the grave.
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,
 He knew her of broad lands the heir, 510
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
 And Constance was beloved no more.
 'Tis an old tale, and often told ;
 But did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,
 Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
 That loved, or was avenged, like me !

This caitiff monk for gold did swear
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair
 A saint in heaven should be.
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,
 Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.

“ And now my tongue the secret tells,
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,
 But to assure my soul that none
 Shall ever wed with Marmion. 560
 Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
 This packet, to the King convey'd,
 Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
 Although my heart that instant broke.—
 Now, men of death, work forth your will,
 For I can suffer, and be still ;
 And come he slow, or come he fast,
 It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

“ Yet dread me from my living tomb,
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome ! 570
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
 Full soon such vengeance will he take
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane
 Had rather been your guest again.
 Behind, a darker hour ascends !
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,
 The ire of a despotic King
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing ;
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
 Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep ; 508
 Some traveller then shall find my bones
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,

And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air :
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair ;
The locks that wont her brow to shade
Stared up erectly from her head ;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high ;
Her voice, despair's wild energy 590
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate ;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspiréd form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm ;
The judges felt the victim's dread ;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven :—
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease ; 600
Sinful brother, part in peace !"

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,

Paced forth the judges three ;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day ; 610
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan :

With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on,
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll 620
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind, 630
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound, so dull and stern.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.

Ashetiel, Eltrick Forest.

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass
With varying shadow o'er the grass,
And imitate on field and furrow
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow ;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain ;
Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away, 10
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past ;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race ;
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular ;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees ; 20
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale !

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well,

In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
 To raise the desultory song ?
 Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
 Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
 To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse 30
 For many an error of the muse,
 Oft hast thou said, " If, still misspent,
 Thine hours to poetry are lent,
 Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
 Quaff from the fountain at the source ;
 Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
 Immortal laurels ever bloom :
 Instructive of the feebler bard,
 Still from the grave their voice is heard ;
 From them, and from the paths they show'd,
 Choose honour'd guide and practised road ; 40
 Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
 With harpers rude of barbarous days.

" Or deem'st thou not our later time
 Yields topic meet for classic rhyme ?
 Hast thou no elegiac verse
 For BRUNSWICK'S venerable hearse ?
 What ! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
 When valour bleeds for liberty ?—
 Oh, hero of that glorious time,
 When, with unrivall'd light sublime,— 50
 Though martial Austria, and though all
 The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
 Though banded Europe stood her foes—
 The star of Brandenburg arose !
 Thou couldst not live to see her beam
 For ever quench'd in Jena's stream.
 Lamented Chief !—it was not given
 To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
 And crush that dragon in its birth,
 Predestined scourge of guilty earth. 60

Lamented Chief!—not thine the power
 To save in that presumptuous hour,
 When Prussia hurried to the field,
 And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield!
 Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
 And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
 Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair
 The last, the bitterest pang to share,
 For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
 And birthrights to usurpers given; 70
 Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
 And witness woes thou could'st not heal!
 On thee relenting Heaven bestows
 For honour'd life an honour'd close;
 And when revolves, in time's sure change,
 The hour of Germany's revenge,
 When, breathing fury for her sake,
 Some new Arminius shall awake,
 Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
 To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S tomb. 80

“Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,
 Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
 Alike to him the sea, the shore,
 The brand, the bridle, or the oar:
 Alike to him the war that calls
 Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,
 Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,
 Against the Invincible made good;
 Or that whose thundering voice could wake
 The silence of the polar lake, 90
 When stubborn Russ and metal'd Swede
 On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd;
 Or that where Vengeance and Affright
 Howl'd round the father of the fight,
 Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,
 The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

" Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
 Restore the ancient tragic line,
 And emulate the notes that rung
 From the wild harp, which silent hung 100
 By silver Avon's holy shore
 Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;
 When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
 With fearless hand and heart on flame !
 From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
 And swept it with a kindred measure,
 Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
 With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
 Awakening at the inspiréd strain,
 Deem'd their own Shakespeare lived again." 110

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
 With praises not to me belonging,
 In task more meet for mightiest powers
 Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
 But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
 That secret power by all obey'd,
 Which warps not less the passive mind,
 Its source conceal'd or undefined ;
 Whether an impulse, that has birth
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth, 120
 One with our feelings and our powers,
 And rather part of us than ours ;
 Or whether fitlier term'd the sway
 Of habit, form'd in early day ?
 Howe'er derived, its force confess'd
 Rules with despotic sway the breast,
 And drags us on by viewless chain,
 While taste and reason plead in vain.
 Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
 Beneath Batavia's sultry sky, 130
 He seeks not eager to inhale
 The freshness of the mountain gale,

Content to rear his whiten'd wall
 Beside the dank and dull canal ?
 He'll say, from youth he loved to see
 The white sail gliding by the tree.
 Or see yon weatherbeaten hind,
 Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
 Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
 His northern clime and kindred speak ; 140
 Through England's laughing meads he goes,
 And England's wealth around him flows ;
 Ask if it would content him well,
 At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
 Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
 And spires and forests intervene,
 And the neat cottage peeps between ?
 No ! not for these will he exchange
 His dark Lochaber's boundless range ;
 Not for fair Devon's meads forsake 150
 Ben Nevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild
 Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
 Rude though they be, still with the chime
 Return the thoughts of early time ;
 And feelings, roused in life's first day,
 Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
 Then rise those crags, that mountain tower
 Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
 Though no broad river swept along, 160
 To claim, perchance, heroic song ;
 Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
 To prompt of love a softer tale ;
 Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
 Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed ;
 Yet was poetic impulse given
 By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
 It was a barren scene, and wild,
 Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;

But ever and anon between 170
 Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;
 And well the lonely infant knew
 Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
 And honey-suckle loved to crawl
 Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
 I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
 The sun in all its round survey'd ;
 And still I thought that shatter'd tower
 The mightiest work of human power ;
 And marvell'd as the aged hind 180
 With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
 Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
 Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
 Their southern rapine to renew
 Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
 And, home returning, fill'd the hall
 With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.
 Methought that still with tramp and clang
 The gateway's broken arches rang ;
 Methought grim features, seam'd with scars, 190
 Glared through the window's rusty bars.
 And ever, by the winter hearth,
 Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
 Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,
 Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;
 Of patriot battles, won of old
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;
 Of later fields of feud and fight,
 When, pouring from their Highland height,
 The Scottish clans, in headlong sway, 200
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
 While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
 Again I fought each combat o'er,
 Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
 The mimic ranks of war display'd ;
 And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
 And still the scattered Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace
 Anew each kind familiar face
 That brighten'd at our evening fire ; 210
 From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd Sire,
 Wise without learning, plain and good,
 And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;
 Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and keen,
 Show'd what in youth its glance had been ;
 Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
 Content with equity unbought ;
 To him the venerable Priest,
 Our frequent and familiar guest,
 Whose life and manners well could paint 220
 Alike the student and the saint ;
 Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke
 With gambol rude and timeless joke :
 For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
 A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child ;
 But half a plague, and half a jest,
 Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

From me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
 The classic poet's well-conn'd task ?
 Nay, Erskine, nay—on the wild hill 230
 Let the wild heath-bell flourish still ;
 Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
 But freely let the woodbine twine,
 And leave untrimm'd the eglantine :
 Nay, my friend, nay—since oft thy praise
 Hath given fresh vigour to my lays,
 Since oft thy judgment could refine
 My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line,
 Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
 And in the minstrel spare the friend. 240
 Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
 Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale !

CANTO THIRD.

THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode :
The mountain path the Palmer show'd
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down ; 10
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose ;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow ;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been pass'd before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor ;
Thence winding down the northern way, 20
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.

To Scotland's camp the lord was gone ;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.

On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced 30
With bush and flagon trimly placed,

Lord Marmion drew his rein :
The village inn seem'd large, though rude ;
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.

Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung ;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamour fills the hall : 40
Weighing the labour with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze ;
Might see where, in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the sooty roof

Bore wealth of winter cheer ;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusky boar,
And savoury haunch of deer. 50

The chimney arch projected wide ;
Above, around it, and beside,

Were tools for housewives' hand ;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.

Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On oaken settle Marmion sate,

And view'd, around the blazing hearth,
 His followers mix in noisy mirth ; 60
 Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
 From ancient vessels ranged aside,
 Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
 And laughter theirs at little jest ;
 And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,
 And mingle in the mirth they made ;
 For though, with men of high degree,
 The proudest of the proud was he,
 Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art 70
 To win the soldier's hardy heart.
 They love a captain to obey,
 Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May ;
 With open hand, and brow as free,
 Lover of wine and minstrelsy ;
 Ever the first to scale a tower,
 As venturous in a lady's bower :—
 Such buxom chief shall lead his host
 From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff, 80
 Right opposite the Palmer stood ;
 His thin dark visage seen but half,
 Half hidden by his hood.
 Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,
 Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
 Strove by a frown to quell ;
 But not for that, though more than once
 Full met their stern encountering glance,
 The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd 90
 Was heard the burst of laughter loud ;
 For still, as squire and archer stared
 On that dark face and matted beard,
 Their glee and game declined.
 All gazed at length in silence drear,
 Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
 Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
 Thus whisper'd forth his mind :—
 “ Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight ?
 How pale his cheek, his eye how bright, 100
 Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light
 Glances beneath his cowl !
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye ;
 For his best palfrey would not I
 Endure that sullen scowl.”

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
 Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw
 The ever-varying fire-light show
 That figure stern and face of woe,
 Now call'd upon a squire :— 110
 “ Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
 To speed the lingering night away ?
 We slumber by the fire.”—

VIII.

“ So please you,” thus the youth rejoin'd,
 “ Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,
 Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.
 The harp full deftly can he strike,
 And wake the lover's lute alike ;

To dear Saint Valentine no thrush 120
 Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune
 More sweetly warbles to the moon.
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
 Detains from us his melody,
 Lavish'd on rocks, and billows stern,
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.
 Now must I venture as I may,
 To sing his favourite roundelay."

IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had, 130
 The air he chose was wild and sad ;
 Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
 Rise from the busy harvest band,
 When falls before the mountaineer,
 On lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.
 Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
 Now a wild chorus swells the song :
 Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
 As it came soften'd up the hill,
 And deem'd it the lament of men 140
 Who languish'd for their native glen ;
 And thought how sad would be such sound
 On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
 Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
 Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
 Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again !

X.

Song.

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast, 150
 Parted for ever ?

Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving ;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving ;
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never !

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never !

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted.

Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it,—
 Never, O never. 180

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never !

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound ;
 And silence sunk on all around.
 The air was sad ; but sadder still
 It fell on Marmion's ear,
 And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
 And shameful death, were near.
 He drew his mantle past his face, 190
 Between it and the band,
 And rested with his head a space
 Reclining on his hand.
 His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween
 That, could their import have been seen,
 The meanest groom in all the hall,
 That e'er tied courser to a stall,
 Would scarce have wished to be their prey,
 For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force, 200
 Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse !
 Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
 Thou art the torturer of the brave !
 Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
 Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
 Even while they writhe beneath the smart
 Of civil conflict in the heart.
 For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
 And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said,—

“Is it not strange that, as ye sung,
 Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
 Such as in nunneries they toll
 For some departing sister's soul?
 Say, what may this portend?”—
 Then first the Palmer silence broke,
 (The livelong day he had not spoke,)
 “The death of a dear friend.”

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
 Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
 Marmion, whose soul could scantly brook, 220
 Even from his King, a haughty look;
 Whose accents of command controll'd,
 In camps, the boldest of the bold—
 Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now,
 Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow:
 For either in the tone,
 Or something in the Palmer's look,
 So full upon his conscience strook,
 That answer he found none.
 Thus oft it haps that when within 230
 They shrink at sense of secret sin,
 A feather daunts the brave;
 A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
 And proudest princes veil their eyes
 Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter!—By his aid
 Was Constance Beverley betray'd.
 Not that he augur'd of the doom
 Which on the living closed the tomb:
 But, tired to hear the desperate maid 240
 Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;

And wroth because, in wild despair,
 She practised on the life of Clare ;
 Its fugitive the Church he gave,
 Though not a victim, but a slave ;
 And deem'd restraint in convent strange
 Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
 Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
 Held Romish thunders idle fear,
 Secure his pardon he might hold 250
 For some slight mulct of penance-gold.
 Thus judging, he gave secret way,
 When the stern priests surprised their prey.
 His train but deem'd the favourite page
 Was left behind, to spare his age ;
 Or other if they deem'd, none dared
 To mutter what he thought and heard :
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
 Into Lord Marmion's privacy !

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well, 260
 And safe secured in yonder cell ;
 But, waken'd by her favourite lay,
 And that strange Palmer's boding say,
 That fell so ominous and drear
 Full on the object of his fear,
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
 Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose ;
 And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
 All lovely on his soul return'd ;
 Lovely as when, at treacherous call, 270
 She left her convent's peaceful wall,
 Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mien!
 How changed these timid looks have been,
 Since years of guilt and of disguise
 Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
 No more of virgin terror speaks 280
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
 Fierce and unfeminine are there
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
 And I the cause—for whom were given
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!—
 Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
 "I on its stalk had left the rose!
 O, why should man's success remove
 The very charms that wake his love!—
 Her convent's peaceful solitude 290
 Is now a prison harsh and rude;
 And, pent within the narrow cell,
 How will her spirit chafe and swell!
 How brook the stern monastic laws!
 The penance how—and I the cause!—
 Vigil, and scourge—perchance even worse!"—
 And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"
 And twice his sovereign's mandate came,
 Like damp upon a kindling flame;
 And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge 300
 She should be safe, though not at large?
 They durst not, for their island, shred
 One golden ringlet from her head."

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
 Repentance and reviving love,
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
 Their host the Palmer's speech had heard,
 And, talkative, took up the word:

“ Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you who stray 310
 From Scotland’s simple land away,
 To visit realms afar,
 Full often learn the art to know
 Of future weal, or future woe,
 By word, or sign, or star ;
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,
 Not far from hence ;—if fathers old
 Aright our hamlet legend told.”—
 These broken words the menials move, 320
 (For marvels still the vulgar love,)
 And Marmion giving license cold,
 His tale the host thus gladly told :—

XIX.

The Host’s Tale.

“ A Clerk could tell what years have flown
 Since Alexander fill’d our throne,
 (Third monarch of that warlike name,)
 And eke the time when here he came
 To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord :
 A braver never drew a sword ;
 A wiser never, at the hour 330
 Of midnight, spoke the word of power :
 The same whom ancient records call
 The founder of the Goblin-Hall.
 I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
 Gave you that cavern to survey.
 Of lofty roof, and ample size,
 Beneath the castle deep it lies :
 To hew the living rock profound,
 The floor to pave, the arch to round,
 There never toil’d a mortal arm, 340
 It all was wrought by word and charm ;

And I have heard my grandsire say
 That the wild clamour and affray
 Of those dread artisans of hell,
 Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,
 Sounded as loud as ocean's war,
 Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

“The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
 Deep labouring with uncertain thought ;
 Even then he mustered all his host, 350
 To meet upon the western coast ;
 For Norse and Danish galleys plied
 Their oars within the Frith of Clyde.
 There floated Haco's banner trim,
 Above Norweyan warriors grim,
 Savage of heart, and large of limb ;
 Threatening both continent and isle,
 Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.
 Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
 Heard Alexander's bugle sound, 360
 And tarried not his garb to change,
 But, in his wizard habit strange,
 Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight ;
 His mantle lined with fox-skins white ;
 His high and wrinkled forehead bore
 A pointed cap, such as of yore
 Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore :
 His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,
 Upon his breast a pentacle ;
 His zone, of virgin parchment thin, 370
 Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
 Bore many a planetary sign,
 Combust, and retrograde, and trine ;
 And in his hand he held prepared,
 A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

“ Dire dealings with the fiendish race
 Had mark’d strange lines upon his face ;
 Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
 His eyesight dazzled seem’d and dim,
 As one unused to upper day ; 380
 Even his own menials with dismay
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,
 In his unwonted wild attire ;
 Unwonted, for traditions run,
 He seldom thus beheld the sun.
 ‘ I know,’ he said,—his voice was hoarse,
 And broken seem’d its hollow force,—
 ‘ I know the cause, although untold,
 Why the King seeks his vassal’s hold :
 Vainly from me my liege would know 390
 His kingdom’s future weal or woe ;
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
 His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

“ “ Of middle air the demons proud,
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,
 Can read, in fix’d or wandering star,
 The issue of events afar ;
 But still their sullen aid withhold,
 Save when by mightier force controll’d.
 Such late I summon’d to my hall ; 400
 And though so potent was the call
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell
 I deem’d a refuge from the spell,
 Yet, obstinate in silence still,
 The haughty demon mocks my skill.
 But thou,—who little know’st thy might,
 As born upon that blessed night
 When yawning graves, and dying groan,
 Proclaim’d hell’s empire overthrown,—

With untaught valour shalt compel
 Response denied to magic spell.'— 410
 'Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch free,
 'Place him but front to front with me,
 And, by this good and honour'd brand,
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
 Soothly I swear that, tide what tide,
 The demon shall a buffet bide.'—
 His bearing bold the wizard view'd,
 And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd :—
 'There spoke the blood of Malcolm !—mark : 420
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,
 The rampart seek, whose circling crown
 Crests the ascent of yonder down :
 A southern entrance shalt thou find ;
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
 And trust thine elfin foe to see
 In guise of thy worst enemy :
 Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
 Upon him ! and Saint George to speed !
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know 430
 Whate'er these airy sprites can show :—
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
 I am no warrant for thy life.'

XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
 Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the King
 To that old camp's deserted round :
 Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
 Left hand the town,—the Pictish race,
 The trench, long since, in blood did trace ;
 The moor around is brown and bare, 440
 The space within is green and fair.
 The spot our village children know,
 For there the earliest wild-flowers grow ;
 But woe betide the wandering wight
 That treads its circle in the night !

The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
 Gives ample space for full career ;
 Opposed to the four points of heaven,
 By four deep gaps are entrance given.
 The southernmost our Monarch past, 450
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;
 And on the north, within the ring,
 Appear'd the form of England's King,
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
 In Palestine waged holy war :
 Yet arms like England's did he wield,
 Alike the leopards in the shield,
 Alike his Syrian courser's frame,
 The rider's length of limb the same :
 Long afterwards did Scotland know, 460
 Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

" The vision made our Monarch start,
 But soon he mann'd his noble heart,
 And in the first career they ran,
 The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man ;
 Yet did a splinter of his lance
 Through Alexander's visor glance,
 And razed the skin—a puny wound.
 The King, light leaping to the ground,
 With naked blade his phantom foe 470
 Compell'd the future war to show.
 Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
 Where still gigantic bones remain,
 Memorial of the Danish war ;
 Himself he saw, amid the field,
 On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,
 And strike proud Haco from his car,
 While all around the shadowy kings
 Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.
 'Tis said that, in that awful night, 480
 Remoter visions met his sight,

Foreshowing future conquest far,
 When our sons' sons wage northern war ;
 A royal city, tower and spire,
 Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,
 And shouting crews her navy bore
 Triumphant to the victor shore.
 Such signs may learned clerks explain,
 They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.

“The joyful King turn'd home again, 490
 Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane ;
 But yearly, when return'd the night
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,
 His wound must bleed and smart ;
 Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
 ‘ Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
 The penance of your start.’
 Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nāve,
 King Alexander fills his grave,
 Our Lady give him rest ! 500
 Yet still the knightly spear and shield
 The Elfin Warrior doth wield,
 Upon the brown hill's breast ;
 And many a knight hath proved his chance,
 In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
 But all have foully sped ;
 Save two, as legends tell, and they
 Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
 Gentles, my tale is said.”

XXVI.

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong, 510
 And on the tale the yeoman-throng
 Had made a comment sage and long,
 But Marmion gave a sign :
 And, with their lord the squires retire ;
 The rest around the hostel fire

Their drowsy limbs recline :
 For pillow, underneath each head,
 The quiver and the targe were laid.
 Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
 Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore : 520
 The dying flame, in fitful change,
 Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
 Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;
 Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
 The foldings of his mantle green :
 Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
 Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
 Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
 Or, lighter yet, of lady's love. 530
 A cautious tread his slumber broke,
 And, close beside him when he woke,
 In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
 Stood a tall form, with nodding plume ;
 But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
 His master Marmion's voice he knew.

XXVIII.

—“ Fitz-Eustace ! rise,—I cannot rest ;
 Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
 And graver thoughts have chafed my mood :
 The air must cool my feverish blood ; 540
 And fain would I ride forth, to see
 The scene of elfin chivalry.
 Arise, and saddle me my steed ;
 And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
 Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves ;
 I would not that the prating knaves
 Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
 That I could credit such a tale.”—

Then softly down the steps they slid,
 Eustace the stable door undid, 550
 And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
 While, whispering, thus the Baron said :—

XXIX.

“ Did'st never, good my youth, hear tell,
 That on the hour when I was born,
 Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
 Down from his steed of marble fell,
 A weary wight forlorn ?
 The flattering chaplains all agree
 The champion left his steed to me.
 I would, the omen's truth to show, 560
 That I could meet this Elfin Foe !
 Blithe would I battle, for the right
 To ask one question at the sprite :—
 Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,
 An empty race, by fount or sea,
 To dashing waters dance and sing,
 Or round the green oak wheel their ring.”
 Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
 And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace follow'd him abroad, 570
 And mark'd him pace the village road,
 And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
 Till, by the lessening sound,
 He judg'd that of the Pictish camp
 Lord Marmion sought the round.
 Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,
 That one, so wary held and wise,—
 Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
 For gospel, what the Church believed,—
 Should, stirr'd by idle tale, 580

Ride forth in silence of the night,
 As hoping half to meet a sprite,
 Array'd in plate and mail.
 For little did Fitz-Eustace know
 That passions in contending flow
 Unfix the strongest mind ;
 Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
 We welcome fond credulity,
 Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared, 590
 But, patient, waited till he heard,
 At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
 The foot-tramp of a flying steed
 Come town-ward rushing on ;
 First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
 Then, clattering on the village road,—
 In other pace than forth he yode,
 Return'd Lord Marmion.
 Down hastily he sprung from selle,
 And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell ; 600
 To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
 And spoke no word as he withdrew :
 But yet the moonlight did betray,
 The falcon-crest was soil'd with clay ;
 And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
 By stains upon the charger's knee
 And his left side, that on the moor
 He had not kept his footing sure.
 Long musing on these wondrous signs,
 At length to rest the squire reclines, 610
 Broken and short ; for still between
 Would dreams of terror intervene :
 Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
 The first notes of the morning lark.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO JAMES SKENE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

AN ancient Minstrel sagely said,
“ Where is the life which late we led ? ”
That motley clown in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jacques with envy view'd,
Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text, so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell
Since we have known each other well ;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand ;
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone ;
And though deep mark'd, like all below,
With chequer'd shades of joy and woe ;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
While here at home my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw, and men ;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

10

20

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
 Since first I tuned this idle lay ;
 A task so often thrown aside,
 When leisure graver cares denied, 30
 That now November's dreary gale,
 Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
 That same November gale once more
 Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
 Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
 Once more our naked birches sigh,
 And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,
 Have donn'd their wintry shrouds again ;
 And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
 Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed. 40
 Earlier than wont along the sky,
 Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly ;
 The shepherd who, in summer sun,
 Had something of our envy won,
 As thou with pencil, I with pen,
 The features traced of hill and glen ;—
 He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,
 At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
 View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
 Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book, 50
 Or idly busied him to guide
 His angle o'er the lessen'd tide ;—
 At midnight now, the snowy plain
 Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
 Through heavy vapours dank and dun ;
 When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
 Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
 Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
 Against the casement's tinkling pane ; 60
 The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
 To shelter in the brake and rocks,

Are warnings which the shepherd ask
 To dismal and to dangerous task.
 Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
 The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
 Till, dark above, and white below,
 Decided drives the flaky snow,
 And forth the hardy swain must go.
 Long, with dejected look and whine, 70
 To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
 Whistling and cheering them to aid,
 Around his back he wreathes the plaid :
 His flock he gathers and he guides
 To open downs, and mountain-sides,
 Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
 Least deeply lies the drift below.
 The blast that whistles o'er the fells
 Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
 Oft he looks back while, streaming far, 80
 His cottage window seems a star,—
 Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
 Turns patient to the blast again,
 And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
 Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
 If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
 Benumbing death is in the gale :
 His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
 Close to the hut, no more his own,
 Close to the aid he sought in vain, 90
 The morn may find the stiffen'd swain :
 The widow sees, at dawning pale,
 His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
 And, close beside him in the snow,
 Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
 Couches upon his master's breast,
 And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
 His healthy fare, his rural cot,

His summer couch by greenwood tree, 100
 His rustic kirk's loud revelry,
 His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
 To Marion of the blithesome eye ;
 His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
 And all Arcadia's golden creed ?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
 Of human life the varying scene ?
 Our youthful summer oft we see
 Dance by on wings of game and glee,
 While the dark storm reserves its rage, 110
 Against the winter of our age :
 As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
 His manhood spent in peace and joy ;
 But Grecian fires, and loud alarms
 Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.
 Then happy those, since each must drain
 His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
 Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
 To whom the mingled cup is given ;
 Whose lenient sorrows find relief, 120
 Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
 And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
 When thou of late wert doom'd to twine,—
 Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
 The cypress with the myrtle tie.
 Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
 And bless'd the union of his child,
 When love must change its joyous cheer,
 And wipe affection's filial tear.
 Nor did the actions next his end 130
 Speak more the father than the friend :
 Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
 The tribute to his Minstrel's shade,
 The tale of friendship scarce was told,
 Ere the narrator's heart was cold—

Far may we search before we find
 A heart so manly and so kind !
 But not around his honour'd urn
 Shall friends alone and kindred mourn ;
 The thousand eyes his care had dried 140
 Pour at his name a bitter tide ;
 And frequent falls the grateful dew,
 For benefits the world ne'er knew.
 If mortal charity dare claim
 The Almighty's attributed name,
 Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
 "The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."
 Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
 My verse intrudes on this sad theme ;
 For sacred was the pen that wrote, 150
 "Thy father's friend forget thou not :"
 And grateful title may I plead,
 For many a kindly word and deed,
 To bring my tribute to his grave :—
 'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
 Recalls our summer walks again ;
 When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,
 Not anxious to find aught to do,—
 The wild unbounded hills we ranged, 160
 While oft our talk its topic changed,
 And, desultory as our way,
 Ranged unconfined from grave to gay.
 Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,
 No effort made to break its trance,
 We could right pleasantly pursue
 Our sports in social silence too ;
 Thou gravely labouring to portray
 The blighted oak's fantastic spray ;
 I spelling o'er, with much delight, 170
 The legend of that antique knight,
 Tirante by name, yelep'd the White.

At either's feet a trusty squire,
 Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
 Jealous, each other's motions view'd,
 And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.
 The laverock whistled from the cloud ;
 The stream was lively, but not loud ;
 From the white thorn the May-flower shed
 Its dewy fragrance round our head : 180
 Not Ariel lived more merrily
 Under the blossom'd bough, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
 When Winter stript the Summer's bowers.
 Careless we heard, what now I hear,
 The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
 When fires were bright, and lamps beam'd gay,
 And ladies tuned the lovely lay ;
 And he was held a laggard soul
 Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl. 190
 Then he whose absence we deplore,
 Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
 The longer miss'd, bewail'd the more ;
 And thou, and I, and dear-loved R——,
 And one whose name I may not say,—
 For not Mimosa's tender tree
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—
 In merry chorus well combined,
 With laughter drown'd the whistling wind.
 Mirth was within ; and Care without 200
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
 Not but amid the buxom scene
 Some grave discourse might intervene—
 Of the good horse that bore him best,
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest :
 For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care,
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
 Such nights we've had ; and, though the game
 Of manhood be more sober tame,

And though the field-day, or the drill, 210
Seem less important now—yet still
Such may we hope to share again. ·
The sprightly thought inspires my strain !
And mark how, like a horseman true,
Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE CAMP.

I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And with their light and lively call
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.

Whistling they came, and free of heart,
But soon their mood was changed ;
Complaint was heard on every part
Of something disarranged. 10

Some clamour'd loud for armour lost ;
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host ;
“ By Becket's bones,” cried one, “ I fear
That some false Scot has stolen my spear !”—
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire ;
Although the rated horse-boy sware,
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.
While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,— 20
“ Help, gentle Blount ! help, comrades all !
Bevis lies dying in his stall :
To Marmion who the plight dare tell
Of the good steed he loves so well ?”—
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw ;

Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—
 “What else but evil could betide,
 With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
 Better we had through mire and bush
 Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.” 30

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,
 Nor wholly understood,
 His comrades' clamorous plaints suppress'd;
 He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
 Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
 And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
 And did his tale display
 Simply, as if he knew of nought
 To cause such disarray. 40

Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
 Nor marvell'd at the wonders told,—
 Pass'd them as accidents of course,
 And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
 Had reckon'd with their Scottish host;
 And, as the charge he cast and paid,
 “Ill thou deserv'st thy hire,” he said;
 “Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?
 Fairies have ridden him all the night,
 And left him in a foam! 50

I trust that soon a conjuring band,
 With English cross, and blazing brand,
 Shall drive the devils from this land
 To their infernal home;
 For in this haunted den, I trow,
 All night they trampled to and fro.”—

The laughing host look'd on the hire,—
 “ Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
 And if thou com'st among the rest, 60
 With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
 Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
 And short the pang to undergo.”
 Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion
 Gave now the signal to set on.
 The Palmer showing forth the way,
 They journey'd all the morning-day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,
 Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood ;
 A forest glade, which, varying still, 70
 Here gave a view of dale and hill,
 There narrower closed, till over head
 A vaulted screen the branches made.
 “ A pleasant path,” Fitz-Eustace said ;
 “ Such as where errant-knights might see
 Adventures of high chivalry ;
 Might meet some damsel flying fast,
 With hair unbound, and looks aghast ;
 And smooth and level course were here,
 In her defence to break a spear. 80
 Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells ;
 And oft in such, the story tells,
 The damsel kind, from danger freed,
 Did grateful pay her champion's meed.”
 He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind ;
 Perchance to show his lore design'd ;
 For Eustace much had pored
 Upon a huge romantic tome,
 In the hall-window of his home,
 Imprinted at the antique dome 90
 Of Caxton, or de Worde.
 Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,
 For Marmion answer'd nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
 In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,
 Were heard to echo far ;
 Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,
 But by the flourish soon they know
 They breathed no point of war.
 Yet cautious, as in foeman's land, 100
 Lord Marmion's order speeds the band
 Some opener ground to gain ;
 And scarce a furlong had they rode,
 When thinner trees, receding, show'd
 A little woodland plain.
 Just in that advantageous glade
 The halting troop a line had made,
 As forth from the opposing shade
 Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang 110
 So late the forest echoes rang ;
 On prancing steeds they forward press'd,
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;
 Each at his trump a banner wore,
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :
 Heralds and pursuivants, by name
 Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,
 In painted tabards, proudly showing
 Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
 Attendant on a King-at-arms, 120
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon held
 That feudal strife had often quell'd
 When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age ;
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
 As on King's errand come ;

But in the glances of his eye,
 A penetrating, keen, and sly
 Expression found its home ;
 The flash of that satiric rage, 130
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,
 And broke the keys of Rome.
 On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;
 His cap of maintenance was graced
 With the proud heron-plume.
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
 Silk housings swept the ground,
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
 Embroider'd round and round. 140
 The double tressure might you see,
 First by Achaius borne,
 The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
 And gallant unicorn.
 So bright the King's armorial coat,
 That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
 In living colours, blazon'd brave,
 The Lion, which his title gave ;
 A train, which well beseem'd his state,
 But all unarm'd, around him wait. 150
 Still is thy name in high account,
 And still thy verse has charms,
 Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
 Lord Lion King-at-arms !

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
 Soon as he saw the Lion-King ;
 For well the stately Baron knew
 To him such courtesy was due,
 Whom royal James himself had crown'd,
 And on his temples placed the round 160
 Of Scotland's ancient diadem,

And, shuddering, still may we explore, 230
 Where oft whilom were captives pent,
 The darkness of thy Massy More ;
 Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
 May trace, in undulating line,
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
 As through its portal Marmion rode ;
 But yet 'twas melancholy state
 Received him at the outer gate ;
 For none were in the castle then 240
 But women, boys, or aged men.
 With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame
 To welcome noble Marmion came ;
 Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
 Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold ;
 For each man that could draw a sword
 Had march'd that morning with their lord,
 Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
 On Flodden, by his Sovereign's side.
 Long may his Lady look in vain ! 250
 She ne'er shall see his gallant train
 Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
 'Twas a brave race, before the name
 Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
 With every rite that honour claims,
 Attended as the King's own guest ;—
 Such the command of Royal James,
 Who marshall'd then his land's array,
 Upon the Borough-moor that lay. 260
 Perchance he would not foeman's eye
 Upon his gathering host should pry,

Till full prepared was every band
 To march against the English land.
 Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
 Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit :
 And, in his turn, he knew to prize
 Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
 Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
 And policies of war and peace. 270

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
 That on the battlements they walk'd,
 And, by the slowly fading light,
 Of varying topics talk'd ;
 And, unaware, the Herald-bard
 Said Marmion might his toil have spared
 In travelling so far ;
 For that a messenger from heaven
 In vain to James had counsel given
 Against the English war : 280
 And, closer question'd, thus he told
 A tale which chronicles of old
 In Scottish story have enroll'd :—

XV.

Sir David Lindesay's Tale.

“ Of all the palaces so fair,
 Built for the royal dwelling,
 In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Linlithgow is excelling ;
 And in its park, in jovial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
 How blithe the blackbird's lay ! 290

The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take

To see all nature gay.

But June is to our Sovereign dear
 The heaviest month in all the year :
 Too well his cause of grief you know,
 June saw his father's overthrow.
 Woe to the traitors who could bring
 The princely boy against his King !
 Still in his conscience burns the sting.
 In offices as strict as Lent,
 King James's June is ever spent.

300

XVI.

“ When last this ruthful month was come,
 And in Linlithgow's holy dome

The King, as wont, was praying ;
 While for his royal father's soul
 The chanters sung, the bells did toll,

The Bishop mass was saying—
 For now the year brought round again
 The day the luckless King was slain—
 In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,
 With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,

310

And eyes with sorrow streaming ;
 Around him in their stalls of state,
 The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
 Their banners o'er them beaming.

I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
 Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
 Was watching where the sunbeams fell,

320

Through the stain'd casement gleaming ;
 But while I mark'd what next befell
 It seem'd as I were dreaming.

Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,
 In azure gown, with cincture white ;

His forehead bald, his head was bare,
 Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
 Now, mock me not when, good my Lord,
 I pledge to you my knightly word
 That, when I saw his placid grace, 330
 His simple majesty of face,
 His solemn bearing, and his pace
 So stately gliding on,—
 Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
 So just an image of the Saint
 Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
 The loved Apostle John !

XVII.

‘ He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,
 And stood with rustic plainness there,
 And little reverence made ; 340
 Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
 But on the desk his arm he leant,
 And words like these he said,
 In a low voice,—but never tone
 So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone :—
 ‘ My mother sent me from afar,
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
 Woe waits on thine array ;
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare, 350
 James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware :
 God keep thee as He may !’—
 The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek
 For answer, and found none ;
 And when he raised his head to speak,
 The monitor was gone.
 The Marshal and myself had cast
 To stop him as he outward pass'd ;
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
 He vanish'd from our eyes, 360

Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glances but, and dies.”

XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
He mark'd not Marmion's colour change,
While listening to the tale :
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke :—“ Of Nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never superhuman cause 370
Could e'er control their course ;
And, three days since, had judg'd your aim
Was but to make your guest your game.
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught.”—He stay'd,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid :
But, by that strong emotion press'd
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain, 380
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare ;
The thoughts which broke his sleep he seems
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

“In vain,” said he, “ to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head :
Fantastic thoughts return'd ; 390
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.

So sore was the delirious goad,
 I took my steed, and forth I rode,
 And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
 Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.
 The southern entrance I pass'd through,
 And halted, and my bugle blew.
 Methought an answer met my ear,—
 Yet was the blast so low and drear, 400
 So hollow, and so faintly blown,
 It might be echo of my own.

XX.

“ Thus judging, for a little space
 I listen'd, ere I left the place ;
 But scarce could trust my eyes,
 Nor yet can think they serve me true,
 When sudden in the ring I view,
 In form distinct of shape and hue,
 A mounted champion rise.—
 I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day, 410
 In single fight, and mix'd affray,
 And ever, I myself may say,
 Have borne me as a knight ;
 But when this unexpected foe
 Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—
 I care not though the truth I show,—
 I trembled with affright ;
 And as I placed in rest my spear,
 My hand so shook for very fear,
 I scarce could couch it right. 420

XXI.

“ Why need my tongue the issue tell ?
 We ran our course,—my charger fell ;—
 What could he 'gainst the shock of hell ?
 I roll'd upon the plain.

High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
 The spectre shook his naked brand,—
 Yet did the worst remain :
 My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
 Not opening hell itself could blast
 Their sight, like what I saw ! 430
 Full on his face the moonbeam strook !—
 A face could never be mistook !
 I knew the stern vindictive look,
 And held my breath for awe.
 I saw the face of one who, fled
 To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
 I well believe the last ;
 For ne'er, from vizer raised, did stare
 A human warrior, with a glare
 So grimly and so ghastr. 440
 Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade ;
 But when to good Saint George I pray'd,
 (The first time e'er I ask'd his aid),
 He plunged it in the sheath ;
 And, on his courser mounting light,
 He seem'd to vanish from my sight :
 The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night
 Sunk down upon the heath.—
 'Twere long to tell what cause I have
 To know his face that met me there, 450
 Call'd by his hatred from the grave,
 To cumber upper air :
 Dead or alive, good cause had he
 To be my mortal enemy."

XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount ;
 Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount
 Such chance had happ'd of old,
 When once, near Norham, there did fight
 A spectre fell of fiendish might,

In likeness of a Scottish knight, 460
 With Brian Bulmer bold,
 And train'd him nigh to disallow
 The aid of his baptismal vow.
 "And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
 With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,
 And fingers red with gore,
 Is seen in Rothiemureus glade,
 Or where the sable pine-trees shade
 Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,
 Dromouchty, or Glenmore. 470
 And yet, whate'er such legends say
 Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
 On mountain, moor, or plain,
 Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
 True son of chivalry should hold
 These midnight terrors vain ;
 For seldom have such spirits power
 To harm, save in the evil hour
 When guilt we meditate within,
 Or harbour unrepented sin."— 480
 Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,
 And twice to clear his voice he tried,
 Then press'd Sir David's hand,—
 But nought, at length, in answer said ;
 And here their farther converse staid,
 Each ordering that his band
 Should bowne them with the rising day,
 To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
 Such was the King's command.

XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road, 490
 And I could trace each step they trode :
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
 Lies on the path to me unknown.

Much might it boast of storied lore ;
 But, passing such digression o'er,
 Suffice it that their route was laid
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.
 They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
 And climb'd the opposing bank, until
 They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill. 500

XXIV.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,
 While rose, on breezes thin,
 The murmur of the city crowd,
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,
 Saint Giles's mingling din.
 Now, from the summit to the plain,
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain ; 510
 And o'er the landscape as I look,
 Nought do I see unchanged remain,
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
 To me they make a heavy moan,
 Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV.

But different far the change has been,
 Since Marmion, from the crown
 Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
 Upon the bent so brown :
 Thousand pavilions, white as snow, 520
 Spread all the Borough-moor below,
 Upland, and dale, and down :—
 A thousand did I say ? I ween,
 Thousands on thousands there were seen
 That chequer'd all the heath between
 The streamlet and the town ;

In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular ;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood, 530
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green :
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redwire edge,
To furthest Rosse's rocky ledge,
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth. 540
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come ;
The horses' tramp, and tinkling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
 And charger's shrilling neigh ;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,
 The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare 550
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war ;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
And culverins which France had given.

Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plai 560

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
 Various in shape, device, and hue,
 Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
 O'er the pavilions flew.
Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide ;
 The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight, 570
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
 Whene'er the western wind unroll'd.
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—
He view'd it with a chief's delight,— 580
 Until within him burn'd his heart,
 And lightning from his eye did part,
 As on the battle-day ;
 Such glance did falcon never dart,
 When stooping on his prey.
“ Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
 Were but a vain essay :
For, by Saint George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal, nor divine, 590

Should once to peace my soul incline,
 Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine
 In glorious battle-fray !”
 Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood :
 “ Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
 That kings would think withal,
 When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
 'Tis better to sit still at rest,
 Than rise, perchance to fall.”

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd, 600
 For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
 When sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow
 With gloomy splendour red ;
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
 That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,
 And tinged them with a lustre proud, 610
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
 Where the huge castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town !
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
 And as each heathy top they kiss'd, 620
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
 Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law ;
 And, broad between them roll'd,

The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent, 630
And raised his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, " Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land !"
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see ;
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and psaltery, 640
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,
Did up the mountain come ;
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,
And thus the Lindesay spoke :
" Thus clamour still the war-notes when
The King to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to Saint Katharine's of Sienne, 650
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.
To you they speak of martial fame ;
But me remind of peaceful game,
When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

“Nor less,” he said,—“when looking forth,
 I view yon Empress of the North 660
 Sit on her hilly throne ;
 Her palace’s imperial bowers,
 Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
 Her stately halls and holy towers—
 Nor less,” he said, “I moan,
 To think what woe mischance may bring,
 And how these merry bells may ring
 The death-dirge of our gallant King ;
 Or with their larum call
 The burghers forth to watch and ward, 670
 ’Gainst Southern sack and fires to guard
 Dun-Edin’s leaguer’d wall.—
 But not for my presaging thought,
 Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought !
 Lord Marmion, I say nay :
 God is the guider of the field,
 He breaks the champion’s spear and shield,—
 But thou thyself shalt say,
 When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
 That England’s dames must weep in bower, 680
 Her monks the death-mass sing ;
 For never saw’st thou such a power
 Led on by such a King.”—
 And now, down winding to the plain,
 The barriers of the camp they gain,
 And there they made a stay.—
 There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
 His hand o’er every Border string,
 And fit his harp the pomp to sing
 Of Scotland’s ancient Court and King, 690
 In the succeeding lay,

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

Edinburgh.

WHEN dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away ;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard ;
When silvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang in idle trophy near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear ; 10
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employ'd no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor ;
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed ;
When from our snow-encircled home
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring ; 20
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, cross'd,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains ;
When such the country cheer, I come
Well pleased to seek our city home ;

For converse, and for books, to change
 The Forest's melancholy range, 30
 And welcome with renew'd delight
 The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
 Lament the ravages of time,
 As erst by Newark's riven towers,
 And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.
 True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,
 Within its steepy limits pent
 By bulwark, line, and battlement, 40
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,
 Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
 Denying entrance or resort,
 Save at each tall embattled port,
 Above whose arch, suspended, hung
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
 That long is gone,—but not so long
 Since, early closed, and opening late,
 Jealous revolved the studded gate,
 Whose task, from eve to morning tide, 50
 A wicket churlishly supplied.
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
 Dun-Edin! O, how altered now,
 When safe amid thy mountain court
 Thou sitt'st, like empress at her sport;
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
 For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray 60
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old,
 In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,

She for the charméd spear renown'd,
 Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—
 Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
 What time she was Malbecco's guest,
 She gave to flow her maiden vest ;
 When from the corselet's grasp relieved,
 Free to the sight her bosom heaved ; 70
 Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
 Erst hidden by the aventayle ;
 And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
 Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
 They who whilom, in midnight fight,
 Had marvell'd at her matchless might,
 No less her maiden charms approved,
 But looking liked, and liking loved.
 The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
 And charm Malbecco's cares awhile ; 80
 And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
 Forgot his Columbella's claims,
 And passion, erst unknown, could gain
 The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane ;
 Nor durst light Paridel advance,
 Bold as he was, a looser glance.
 She charm'd at once and tamed the heart,
 Incomparable Britomart !

So thou, fair City ! disarray'd
 Of battled wall, and rampart's aid, 90
 As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
 Than in that panoply of war.
 Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
 Strength and security are flown ;
 Still as of yore, Queen of the North !
 Still canst thou send thy children forth.
 Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
 Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
 Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
 Thy dauntless voluntary line ; 100

For fosse and turret proud to stand,
 Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
 Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,
 Full red would stain their native soil,
 Ere from thy mural crown there fell
 The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
 And if it come,—as come it may,
 Dun-Edin ! that eventful day,—
 Renown'd for hospitable deed,
 That virtue much with Heaven may plead, 110
 In patriarchal times whose care
 Descending angels deign'd to share ;
 That claim may wrestle blessings down
 On those who fight for the Good Town,
 Destined in every age to be
 Refuge of injured royalty ;
 Since first, when conquering York arose,
 To Henry meek she gave repose,
 Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
 Great Bourbon's relics sad she saw. 120

Truce to these thoughts !—for, as they rise,
 How gladly I avert mine eyes,
 Bodings, or true or false, to change
 For Fiction's fair romantic range,
 Or for Tradition's dubious light,
 That hovers 'twixt the day and night :
 Dazzling alternately and dim,
 Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
 Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
 Creation of my fantasy, 130
 Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
 And make of mists invading men.—
 Who loves not more the night of June
 Than dull December's gloomy noon ?
 The moonlight than the fog of frost ?
 And can we say which cheats the most ?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
 A sound of the romantic strain,
 Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
 Could win the royal Henry's ear, 140
 Famed Beauclerk call'd, for that he loved
 The minstrel, and his lay approved ?
 Who shall these lingering notes redeem,
 Decaying on Oblivion's stream ;
 Such notes as from the Breton tongue
 Marie translated, Blondel sung ?—
 O ! born Time's ravage to repair,
 And make the dying Muse thy care ;
 Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
 Was poisoning for the final blow, 150
 The weapon from his hand could wring,
 And break his glass, and shear his wing,
 And bid, reviving in his strain,
 The gentle poet live again ;
 Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
 An unpedantic moral gay,
 Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
 On wings of unexpected wit ;
 In letters as in life approved,
 Example honour'd, and beloved,— 160
 Dear ELLIS ! to the bard impart
 A lesson of thy magic art,
 To win at once the head and heart,—
 At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
 My guide, my pattern, and my friend !

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
 Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O !
 No more by thy example teach,—
 What few can practise, all can preach,—
 With even patience to endure 170
 Lingered disease, and painful cure,
 And boast affliction's pangs subdued
 By mild and manly fortitude.

Enough, the lesson has been given :
 Forbid the repetition, Heaven !

Come listen, then ! for thou hast known,
 And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
 Who, like his Border sires of old,
 Waked a wild measure rude and bold, 180
 Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
 With wonder heard the Northern strain.
 Come listen ! bold in thy applause,
 The bard shall scorn pedantic laws ;
 And, as the ancient art could stain
 Achievements on the storied pane,
 Irregularly traced and plann'd,
 But yet so glowing and so grand,—
 So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
 Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
 And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee, 190
 And all the pomp of chivalry.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COURT.

I.

THE train has left the hills of Braid ;
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade
That closed the tented ground ;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare ;
And envy with their wonder rose, 10
To see such well-appointed foes ;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge that many simply thought
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought ;
And little deem'd their force to feel
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,
When, rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through ; 20
And much he marvell'd one small land
Could marshal forth such various band :
For men-at-arms were here,

Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
 Like iron towers for strength and weight,
 On Flemish steeds of bone and height,

With battle-axe and spear.

Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
 Practised their chargers on the plain,
 By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,

30

Each warlike feat to show,
 To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
 And high curvett, that not in vain
 The sword sway might descend amain
 On foeman's casque below.

He saw the hardy burghers there
 March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,

For vizor they wore none,
 Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight ;
 But burnish'd were their corslets bright,
 Their brigantines, and gorgets light,

40

Like very silver shone.
 Long pikes they had for standing fight,
 Two-handed swords they wore,
 And many wielded mace of weight,
 And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd
 In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
 With iron quilted well ;

Each at his back (a slender store)

50

His forty days' provision bore,
 As feudal statutes tell.

His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
 A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
 A dagger-knife, and brand.

Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,
 As loath to leave his cottage dear,
 And march to foreign strand ;

Or musing who would guide his steer
 To till the fallow land. 60
 Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
 Did aught of dastard terror lie ;
 More dreadful far his ire
 Than theirs who, scorning danger's name,
 In eager mood to battle came,
 Their valour like light straw on flame,
 A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer :—bred to war,
 He knew the battle's din afar,
 And joy'd to hear it swell. 70
 His peaceful day was slothful ease ;
 Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
 Like the loud slogan yell.
 On active steed, with lance and blade,
 The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—
 Let nobles fight for fame ;
 Let vassals follow where they lead,
 Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
 But war's the Borderer's game.
 Their gain, their glory, their delight, 80
 To sleep the day, maraud the night,
 O'er mountain, moss, and moor ;
 Joyful to fight they took their way,
 Scarce caring who might win the day,
 Their booty was secure.
 These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,
 Look'd on at first with careless eye,
 Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know
 The form and force of English bow.
 But when they saw the Lord array'd 90
 In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
 Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—

“Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!
 Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?—
 O! could we but on Border side,
 By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
 Beset a prize so fair!
 That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
 Might chance to lose his glistering hide;
 Brown Maudlin of that doublet pied 100
 Could make a kirtle rare.”

V.

Next, Marmion marked the Celtic race,
 Of different language, form, and face,
 A various race of man;
 Just then the chiefs their tribes array'd,
 And wild and garish semblance made
 The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid,
 And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd,
 To every varying clan;
 Wild through their red or sable hair 110
 Look'd out their eyes with savage stare
 On Marmion as he pass'd;
 Their legs above the knee were bare;
 Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
 And harden'd to the blast;
 Of taller race, the chiefs they own
 Were by the eagle's plumage known.
 The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide
 Their hairy buskins well supplied;
 The graceful bonnet deck'd their head: 120
 Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
 A broadsword of unwieldy length,
 A dagger proved for edge and strength,
 A studded targe they wore,
 And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
 Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
 To that which England bore.

The Isles-men carried at their backs
 The ancient Danish battle-axe.
 They raised a wild and wondering cry, 130
 As with his guide rode Marmion by.
 Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when
 The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
 And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
 Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,
 And reach'd the city gate at last,
 Where all around, a wakeful guard,
 Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward. 140
 Well had they cause of jealous fear,
 When lay encamp'd, in field so near,
 The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
 As through the bustling streets they go,
 All was alive with martial show :
 At every turn, with dinning clang,
 The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang ;
 Or toil'd the swarthy smith to wheel
 The bar that arms the charger's heel ;
 Or axe, or falchion, to the side 150
 Of jarring grindstone was applied.
 Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
 Through street, and lane, and market-place,
 Bore lance, or casque, or sword ;
 While burghers, with important face,
 Described each new-come lord,
 Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,
 His following, and his warlike fame.
 The Lion led to lodging meet,
 Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street ;
 There must the Baron rest 160
 Till past the hour of vesper tide,
 And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
 Such was the King's behest.

Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
 A banquet rich, and costly wines,
 To Marmion and his train ;
 And when the appointed hour succeeds,
 The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
 And following Lindesay as he leads,
 The palace-halls they gain. 170

VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,
 That night, with wassel, mirth, and glee :
 King James within her princely bower
 Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,
 Summon'd to spend the parting hour ;
 For he had charged that his array
 Should southward march by break of day.
 Well loved that splendid monarch eye
 The banquet and the song,
 By day the tourney, and by night 180
 The merry dance, traced fast and light,
 The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
 The revel loud and long.
 This feast outshone his banquets past ;
 It was his blithest,—and his last.
 The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
 Cast on the Court a dancing ray ;
 Here to the harp did minstrels sing ;
 There ladies touched a softer string ;
 With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest, 190
 The licensed fool retail'd his jest ;
 His magic tricks the juggler plied ;
 At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;
 While some, in close recess apart,
 Courted the ladies of their heart,
 Nor courted them in vain ;
 For often, in the parting hour,
 Victorious Love asserts his power
 O'er coldness and disdain ;

And flinty is her heart, can view
 To battle march a lover true—
 Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
 Nor own her share of pain. 200

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
 The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
 While, reverent, all made room.
 An easy task it was, I trow,
 King James's manly form to know,
 Although, his courtesy to show,
 He doff'd to Marmion bending low 210
 His broider'd cap and plume.
 For royal were his garb and mien :
 His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
 Trimm'd with the fur of marten wild ;
 His vest of changeful satin sheen,
 The dazzled eye beguiled ;
 His gorgeous collar hung adown,
 Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
 The thistle brave, of old renown :
 His trusty blade, Toledo right, 220
 Descended from a baldrick bright ;
 White were his buskins, on the heel
 His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;
 His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
 Was button'd with a ruby rare :
 And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
 A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size,
 For feat of strength, or exercise,
 Shaped in proportion fair ; 230
 And hazel was his eagle eye,
 And auburn of the darkest dye
 His short curl'd beard and hair.

Light was his footstep in the dance,
 And firm his stirrup in the lists ;
 And, oh ! he had that merry glance
 That seldom lady's heart resists.
 Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;—
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain, 240
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joy'd in banquet bower ;
 But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange
 How suddenly his cheer would change,
 His look o'ercast and lower,
 If, in a sudden turn, he felt
 The pressure of his iron belt,
 That bound his breast in penance pain,
 In memory of his father slain.
 Even so 'twas strange how evermore, 250
 Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
 Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
 Into the stream of revelry :
 Thus dim-seen object of affright
 Startles the courser in his flight,
 And half he halts, half springs aside ;
 But feels the quickening spur applied,
 And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say, 260
 Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway :
 To Scotland's Court she came
 To be a hostage for her lord,
 Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
 And with the King to make accord
 Had sent his lovely dame.
 Nor to that lady free alone
 Did the gay King allegiance own ;

For the fair Queen of France
 Sent him a turquoise ring and glove, 270
 And charged him, as her knight and love,
 For her to break a lance ;
 And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
 And march three miles on Southron land,
 And bid the banners of his band
 In English breezes dance.
 And thus for France's Queen he drest
 His manly limbs in mailèd vest ;
 And thus admitted English fair
 His inmost counsels still to share ; 280
 And thus, for both, he madly plann'd
 The ruin of himself and land !
 And yet, the sooth to tell,
 Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
 Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
 From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
 His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower
 All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
 And weeps, the weary day, 290
 The war against her native soil,
 Her Monarch's risk in battle broil :—
 And in gay Holy-Rood the while
 Dame Heron rises with a smile
 Upon the harp to play.
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
 The strings her fingers flew :
 And as she touch'd and tuned them all,
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall
 Was plainer given to view ; 300
 For, all for heat, was laid aside
 Her wimple, and her hood untied.

And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,
 Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
 And then around the silent ring ;
 And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
 Her pretty oath, by Yea and Nay,
 She could not, would not, durst not play !
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity, 310
 A soft, yet lively air she rung,
 While thus the wily lady sung :—

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

Lady Heron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ; 320
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
 " O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar? "— 330

“ I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss’d the goblet : the knight took it up,
 He quaff’d off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She look’d down to blush, and she look’d up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. 340
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
 “ Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whisper’d, “ ’Twere better by far
 To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach’d the hall-door, and the charger stood
 near ; 350
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 “ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochin-
 var.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ? 360

XIII.

The Monarch o'er the siren hung,
 And beat the measure as she sung ;
 And, pressing closer, and more near,
 He whisper'd praises in her ear.
 In loud applause the courtiers vied ;
 And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw

A glance, where seem'd to reign
 The pride that claims applauses due,
 And of her royal conquest too,

370

A real or feign'd disdain :

Familiar was the look, and told
 Marmion and she were friends of old.
 The King observed their meeting eyes
 With something like displeas'd surprise ;
 For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
 Even in a word, or smile, or look.
 Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
 Which Marmion's high commission show'd :
 " Our Borders sack'd by many a raid,
 Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said ;
 " On day of truce our Warden slain,
 Stout Barton kill'd, his vessels ta'en—
 Unworthy were we here to reign,
 Should these for vengeance cry in vain ;
 Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
 Our herald has to Henry borne."

380

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood
 And with stern eye the pageant view'd :
 I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
 Who coronet of Angus bore,
 And, when his blood and heart were high,
 Did the third James in camp defy,
 And all his minions led to die

390

On Lauder's dreary flat :
 Princes and favourites long grew tame,
 And trembled at the homely name
 Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat ;
 The same who left the dusky vale
 Of Hermitage in Liddisdale, 400
 Its dungeons, and its towers,
 Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
 And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
 To fix his princely bowers.
 Though now, in age, he had laid down
 His armour for the peaceful gown,
 And for a staff his brand,
 Yet often would flash forth the fire
 That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
 And minion's pride withstand ; 410
 And even that day, at council board,
 Unapt to soothe his Sovereign's mood,
 Against the war had Angus stood,
 And chafed his royal Lord.

XV.

His giant-form, like ruin'd tower,
 Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,
 Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
 Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower :
 His locks and beard in silver grew,
 His eyebrows kept their sable hue. 420
 Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,
 His bitter speech he thus pursued :—
 “ Lord Marmion, since these letters say
 That in the North you needs must stay
 While slightest hopes of peace remain,
 Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
 To say—Return to Lindisfarne,
 Until my herald come again.—

Then rest you in Tantallon Hold ;
 Your host shall be the Douglas bold,— 430
 A chief unlike his sires of old.
 He wears their motto on his blade,
 Their blazon o'er his towers display'd ;
 Yet loves his Sovereign to oppose
 More than to face his country's foes.
 And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,
 But e'en this morn to me was given
 A prize, the first fruits of the war,
 Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
 A bevy of the maids of Heaven. 440
 Under your guard these holy maids
 Shall safe return to cloister shades,
 And, while they at Tantallon stay,
 Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."
 And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,
 Across the Monarch's brow there came
 A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak ;
 His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break :
 He turn'd aside, and down his cheek 450
 A burning tear there stole.
 His hand the Monarch sudden took,
 That sight his kind heart could not brook :
 “ Now, by the Bruce's soul,
 Angus, my hasty speech forgive !
 For sure as doth his spirit live,
 As he said of the Douglas old,
 I well may say of you,—
 That never king did subject hold,
 In speech more free, in war more bold, 460
 More tender and more true :
 Forgive me, Douglas, once again.”—
 And, while the King his hand did strain,
 The old man's tears fell down like rain.

To seize the moment Marmion tried,
 And whisper'd to the King aside :
 " Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead
 For respite short from dubious deed !
 A child will weep a bramble's smart,
 A maid to see her sparrow part, 470
 A stripling for a woman's heart :
 But woe awaits a country when
 She sees the tears of bearded men.
 Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high,
 When Douglas wets his manly eye !"

XVII.

Displeas'd was James, that stranger view'd
 And tamper'd with his changing mood.
 " Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"
 Thus did the fiery Monarch say,
 " Southward I march by break of day ; 480
 And if within Tantallon strong
 The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
 Perchance our meeting next may fall
 At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—
 The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
 And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt :
 " Much honour'd were my humble home,
 If in its halls King James should come ;
 But Nottingham has archers good,
 And Yorkshire men are stern of mood, 490
 Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
 On Derby Hills the paths are steep ;
 In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ;
 And many a banner will be torn,
 And many a knight to earth be borne,
 And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
 Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent :
 Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may !"—
 The Monarch lightly turn'd away,

And to his nobles loud did call,— 500
 “Lords, to the dance,—a hall ! a hall !”
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
 And led Dame Heron gallantly ;
 And minstrels, at the royal order,
 Rung out—“Blue Bonnets o’er the Border.”

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
 What to Saint Hilda’s maids befell,
 Whose galley, as they sail’d again
 To Whitby, by a Scot was ta’en.
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide, 510
 Till James should of their fate decide ;
 And soon, by his command,
 Were gently summon’d to prepare
 To journey under Marmion’s care,
 As escort honour’d, safe, and fair,
 Again to English land.
 The Abbess told her chaplet o’er,
 Nor knew which Saint she should implore ;
 For, when she thought of Constance, sore
 She fear’d Lord Marmion’s mood. 520
 And judge what Clara must have felt !
 The sword that hung in Marmion’s belt
 Had drunk De Wilton’s blood.
 Unwittingly, King James had given,
 As guard to Whitby’s shades,
 The man most dreaded under heaven
 By these defenceless maids :
 Yet what petition could avail,
 Or who would listen to the tale
 Of woman, prisoner, and nun. 530
 Mid bustle of a war begun ?
 They deem’d it hopeless to avoid
 The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
 To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd ;
 And thus it fell that, passing nigh,
 The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
 Who warn'd him by a scroll
 She had a secret to reveal,
 That much concern'd the Church's weal, 540
 And health of sinner's soul ;
 And, with deep charge of secrecy,
 She named a place to meet,
 Within an open balcony,
 That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
 Above the stately street ;
 To which, as common to each home,
 At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,
 The Palmer and the holy dame. 550
 The moon among the clouds rose high,
 And all the city hum was by.
 Upon the street, where late before
 Did din of war and warriors roar,
 You might have heard a pebble fall,
 A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
 An owlet flap his boding wing
 On Giles's steeple tall.
 The antique buildings, climbing high,
 Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky, 560
 Were here wrapt deep in shade ;
 There on their brows the moonbeam broke,
 Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
 And on the casements play'd.
 And other light was none to see,
 Save torches gliding far,

Before some chieftain of degree,
 Who left the royal revelry
 To bowne him for the war.—
 A solemn scene the Abbess chose;
 A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

570

XXI.

“ O, holy Palmer ! ” she began,—
 “ For sure he must be sainted man,
 Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
 Where the Redeemer’s tomb is found,—
 For His dear Church’s sake, my tale
 Attend, nor deem of light avail,
 Though I must speak of worldly love,—
 How vain to those who wed above !—
 De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo’d
 Clara de Clare, of Gloster’s blood ;
 (Idle it were of Whitby’s dame,
 To say of that same blood I came ;)
 And once, when jealous rage was high,
 Lord Marmion said despiteously,
 Wilton was traitor in his heart,
 And had made league with Martin Swart,
 When he came here on Simnel’s part,
 And only cowardice did restrain
 His rebel aid on Stokefield’s plain,—
 And down he threw his glove :—the thing
 Was tried, as wont, before the King ;
 Where frankly did De Wilton own
 That Swart in Guelders he had known ;
 And that between them then there went
 Some scroll of courteous compliment.
 For this he to his castle sent ;
 But when his messenger return’d,
 Judge how De Wilton’s fury burn’d !

580

590

For in his packet there were laid 600
 Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,
 And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.
 His fame, thus blighted, in the field
 He strove to clear by spear and shield ;—
 To clear his fame in vain he strove,
 For wondrous are His ways above !
 Perchance some form was unobserved ;
 Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;
 Else how could guiltless champion quail,
 Or how the blessed ordeal fail ? 610

XXII.

“ His squire, who now De Wilton saw
 As recreant doom'd to suffer law,
 Repentant, own'd in vain,
 That, while he had the scrolls in care,
 A stranger maiden, passing fair,
 Had drench'd him with a beverage rare ;
 His words no faith could gain.
 With Clare alone he credence won,
 Who, rather than wed Marmion,
 Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair, 620
 To give our house her livings fair,
 And die a vestal vot'ress there.
 The impulse from the earth was given,
 But bent her to the paths of heaven.
 A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
 Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,
 No, not since Saxon Edelfled ;
 Only one trace of earthly strain,
 That for her lover's loss
 She cherishes a sorrow vain, 630
 And murmurs at the cross.—
 And then her heritage ;—it goes
 Along the banks of Tame ;

Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
 In meadows rich the heifer lows,
 The falconer and huntsman knows
 Its woodlands for the game.
 Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
 And I, her humble vot'ress here,
 Should do a deadly sin, 640
 Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes
 If this false Marmion such a prize
 By my consent should win ;
 Yet hath our boisterous Monarch sworn
 That Clare shall from our house be torn ;
 And grievous cause have I to fear
 Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

“ Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd
 To evil power, I claim thine aid,
 By every step that thou hast trod 650
 To holy shrine and grotto dim,
 By every martyr's tortured limb,
 By angel, saint, and seraphim,
 And by the Church of God !
 For mark :—When Wilton was betray'd,
 And with his squire forged letters laid,
 She was, alas ! that sinful maid
 By whom the deed was done,—
 Oh ! shame and horror to be said !
 She was a perjured nun ! 660
 No clerk in all the land like her
 Traced quaint and varying character.
 Perchance you may a marvel deem,
 That Marmion's paramour
 (For such vile thing she was) should scheme
 Her lover's nuptial hour ;

But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
 As privy to his honour's stain,
 Illimitable power :
 For this she secretly retain'd 670
 Each proof that might the plot reveal,
 Instructions with his hand and seal ;
 And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,
 Through sinner's perfidy impure,
 Her house's glory to secure,
 And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

" 'Twere long, and needless, here to tell
 How to my hand these papers fell ;
 With me they must not stay.
 Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true ! 680
 Who knows what outrage he might do,
 While journeying by the way ?—
 O blessed Saint, if e'er again
 I venturous leave thy calm domain,
 To travel or by land or main,
 Deep penance may I pay !—
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :
 I give this packet to thy care,
 For thee to stop they will not dare ;
 And O ! with cautious speed. 690
 To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
 That he may show them to the King :
 And, for thy well-earn'd meed,
 Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
 A weekly mass shall still be thine,
 While priests can sing and read.—
 What ail'st thou ?—Speak !"—For as he took
 The charge, a strong emotion shook
 His frame ; and, ere reply,

They heard a faint yet shrilly tone, 700
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,
 That on the breeze did die ;
 And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,
 " Saint Withold, save us !—What is here !
 Look at yon City Cross !
 See on its battled tower appear
 Phantoms that scutcheons seem to rear
 And blazon'd banners toss !"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
 Rose on a turret octagon ; 710
 (But now is razed that monument,
 Whence royal edict rang,
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent
 In glorious trumpet-clang.
 O ! be his tomb as lead to lead
 Upon its dull destroyer's head !—
 A minstrel's malison is said.)—
 Then on its battlements they saw
 A vision, passing Nature's law,
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen ; 720
 Figures that seem'd to rise and die,
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
 While nought confirm'd could ear or eye
 Discern of sound or mien.
 Yet darkly did it seem as there
 Heralds and pursuivants prepare,
 With trumpet sound, and blazon fair,
 A summons to proclaim ;
 But indistinct the pageant proud,
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud, 730
 When flings the moon upon her shroud
 A wavering tinge of flame ;

It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,
 This awful summons came :—

XXVI.

“ Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
 Whose names I now shall call,
 Scottish or foreigner, give ear !
 Subjects of him who sent me here,
 At his tribunal to appear 740
 I summon one and all :
 I cite you by each deadly sin
 That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within ;
 I cite you by each brutal lust
 That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—
 By wrath, by pride, by fear,
 By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,
 By the dark grave, and dying groan !
 When forty days are pass'd and gone,
 I cite you at your Monarch's throne 750
 To answer and appear.”—
 Then thundered forth a roll of names :—
 The first was thine, unhappy James !
 Then all thy nobles came ;
 Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
 Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—
 Why should I tell their separate style ?
 Each chief of birth and fame,
 Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
 Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage pile, 760
 Was cited there by name ;
 And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye ;
 De Wilton, erst of Aberley,
 The self-same thundering voice did say.—
 But then another spoke :

“Thy fatal summons I deny,
 And thine infernal Lord defy,
 Appealing me to Him on high
 Who burst the sinner’s yoke.” 770
 At that dread accent, with a scream,
 Parted the pageant like a dream,
 The summoner was gone.
 Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
 And fast, and fast, her beads did tell ;
 Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
 And found her there alone.
 She mark’d not, at the scene aghast,
 What time or how the Palmer pass’d.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move ; 780
 Dun-Edin’s streets are empty now.
 Save when, for weal of those they love,
 To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
 The tottering child, the anxious fair,
 The grey-hair’d sire, with pious care,
 To chapels and to shrines repair.—
 Where is the Palmer now ? and where
 The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare ?—
 Bold Douglas ! to Tantallon fair
 They journey in thy charge : 790
 Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
 The Palmer still was with the band ;
 Angus, like Lindesay, did command
 That none should roam at large.
 But in that Palmer’s alter’d mien
 A wondrous change might now be seen ;
 Freely he spoke of war,
 Of marvels wrought by single hand
 When lifted for a native land ;
 And still look’d high, as if he plann’d 800
 Some desperate deed afar.

His courser would he feed and stroke,
 And, tucking up his sable frocke,
 Would first his metal bold provoke,
 Then soothe or quell his pride.
 Old Hubert said that never one
 He saw, except Lord Marmion,
 A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind there came,
 By Eustace govern'd fair, 810
 A troop escorting Hilda's dame,
 With all her nuns, and Clare.
 No audience had Lord Marmion sought ;
 Ever he fear'd to aggravate
 Clara de Clare's suspicious hate ;
 And safer 'twas, he thought,
 To wait till, from the nuns removed,
 The influence of kinsmen loved,
 And suit by Henry's self approved,
 Her slow consent had wrought. 820
 His was no flickering flame, that dies
 Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,
 And lighted oft at lady's eyes ;
 He long'd to stretch his wide command
 O'er luckless Clara's ample land :
 Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
 Although the pang of humbled pride
 The place of jealousy supplied,
 Yet conquest, by that meanness won
 He almost loath'd to think upon, 830
 Led him, at times, to hate the cause
 Which made him burst through honour's laws.
 If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone
 Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
 North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,
 Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while
 Before a venerable pile,

Whose turrets view'd afar
 The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle, 840

The ocean's peace or war.
 At tolling of a bell, forth came
 The convent's venerable dame,
 And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
 With her, a loved and honour'd guest,
 Till Douglas should a bark prepare
 To waft her back to Whitby fair.

Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
 And thank'd the Scottish Prioress ;
 And tedious were to tell, I ween, 850
 The courteous speech that pass'd between.

O'erjoyed the nuns their palfreys leave ;
 But when fair Clara did intend,
 Like them, from horseback to descend,

Fitz-Eustace said,—“ I grieve,
 Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
 Such gentle company to part ;—

Think not discourtesy,
 But lords' commands must be obey'd ;
 And Marmion and the Douglas said 860

That you must wend with me.
 Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
 Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,
 Commanding that beneath his care
 Without delay you shall repair
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Claire.”

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd ;
 But she at whom the blow was aim'd

Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—
 She deem'd she heard her death-doom read. 870
 “Cheer thee, my child!” the Abbess said,
 “They dare not tear thee from my hand,
 To ride alone with armèd band.”—
 “Nay, holy mother, nay,”
 Fitz-Eustace said, “the lovely Clare
 Will be in Lady Angus’ care,
 In Scotland while we stay;
 And, when we move, an easy ride
 Will bring us to the English side,
 Female attendance to provide 880
 Befitting Gloster’s heir;
 Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble Lord,
 By slightest look, or act, or word,
 To harass Lady Clare.
 Her faithful guardian he will be,
 Nor sue for slightest courtesy
 That e’en to stranger falls,
 Till he shall place her, safe and free,
 Within her kinsman’s halls.”
 He spoke, and blush’d with earnest grace; 890
 His faith was painted on his face,
 And Clare’s worst fear relieved.
 The Lady Abbess loud exclaim’d
 On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
 Entreated, threaten’d, grieved;
 To martyr, saint, and prophet pray’d,
 Against Lord Marmion inveigh’d,
 And call’d the Prioress to aid,
 To curse with candle, bell, and book.
 Her head the grave Cistertian shook: 900
 “The Douglas, and the King,” she said,
 “In their commands will be obey’d;
 Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
 The maiden in Tantallon Hall.”

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
 Assumed her wonted state again,—
 For much of state she had,—
 Composed her veil, and raised her head,
 And—“ Bid,” in solemn voice she said,
 “ Thy master, bold and bad, 910
 The records of his house turn o'er,
 And, when he there shall written see
 That one of his own ancestry
 Drove the monks forth of Coventry,
 Bid him his fate explore !
 Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
 His charger hurl'd him to the dust,
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,
 He died his band before.
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and me ; 920
 He is a chief of high degree,
 And I a poor recluse ;
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
 Even such weak minister as me
 May the oppressor bruise :
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
 The mighty in his sin,
 And Jael thus, and Deborah ”—
 Here hasty Blount broke in :
 “ Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band ; 930
 Saint Anton' fire thee ! wilt thou stand
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
 To hear the lady preach ?
 By this good light ! if thus we stay,
 Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,
 Will sharper sermon teach.
 Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse ;
 The dame must patience take perforce.”—

XXXII.

"Submit we then to force," said Clare,
 "But let this barbarous lord despair 940
 His purposed aim to win ;
 Let him take living, land, and life,
 But to be Marmion's wedded wife
 In me were deadly sin :
 And if it be the King's decree
 That I must find no sanctuary
 In that inviolable dome
 Where even a homicide might come,
 And safely rest his head,
 Though at its open portals stood, 950
 Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
 The kinsmen of the dead,—
 Yet one asylum is my own
 Against the dreaded hour ;
 A low, a silent, and a lone,
 Where kings have little power.
 One victim is before me there.—
 Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
 Remember your unhappy Clare !"
 Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows 960
 Kind blessings many a one :
 Weeping and wailing loud arose,
 Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
 Of every simple nun.
 His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,
 And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.
 Then took the squire her rein,
 And gently led away her steed,
 And, by each courteous word and deed,
 To cheer her strove in vain. 970

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,
 When o'er a height they pass'd,
 And, sudden, close before them show'd
 His towers Tantallon vast ;
 Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
 And held impregnable in war.
 On a projecting rock they rose,
 And round three sides the ocean flows,
 The fourth did battled walls enclose,
 And double mound and fosse. 980
 By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
 Through studded gates, an entrance long,
 To the main court they cross.
 It was a wide and stately square :
 Around were lodgings, fit and fair,
 And towers of various form,
 Which on the court projected far,
 And broke its lines quadrangular.
 Here was square keep, there turret high,
 Or pinnacle that sought the sky, 990
 Whence oft the warder could descry
 The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care
 Of Douglas why should I declare,
 Or say they met reception fair ?
 Or why the tidings say,
 Which varying to Tantallon came,
 By hurrying posts, or fleeter fame,
 With every varying day ?
 And, first, they heard King James had won 1000
 Etall, and Wark, and Ford ; and then,
 That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.

At that sore marvell'd Marmion ;—
 And Douglas hoped his Monarch's hand
 Would soon subdue Northumberland :

But whisper'd news there came,
 That, while his host inactive lay,
 And melted by degrees away,
 King James was dallying off the day

With Heron's wily dame.— 1010

Such acts to chronicles I yield ;

Go seek them there, and see :
 Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,

And not a history.—

At length they heard the Scottish host
 On that high ridge had made their post

Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain ;
 And that brave Surrey many a band
 Had gather'd in the Southern land,
 And march'd into Northumberland,

1020

And camp at Wooler ta'en.

Marmion, like charger in the stall,
 That hears, without, the trumpet-call,

Began to chafe, and swear :—

“ A sorry thing to hide my head
 In castle, like a fearful maid,

When such a field is near !

Needs must I see this battle-day :

Death to my fame if such a fray
 Were fought, and Marmion away !

1030

The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
 Hath 'bated of his courtesy :

No longer in his halls I'll stay.”

Then bade his band they should array
 For march against the dawning day.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

Mertoun-House, Christmas.

HEAP on more wood !—the wind is chill ;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer :
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew ;
Then in his low and pine-built hall, 10
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer ;
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone,
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly, 20
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,

What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassel round, in good brown bowls
 Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
 Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in, 70
 And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery ;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
 But, O ! what maskers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !
 England was merry England, when 80
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale ;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
 Some remnants of the good old time ;
 And still, within our valleys here,
 We hold the kindred title dear,
 Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim 90
 To Southron ear sounds empty name ;
 For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
 Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
 And thus my Christmas still I hold
 Where my great-grandsire came of old,
 With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
 And reverend apostolic air,
 The feast and holy-tide to share,

And mix sobriety with wine,
 And honest mirth with thoughts divine : 100
 Small thought was his, in after time
 E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
 The simple sire could only boast
 That he was loyal to his cost ;
 The banish'd race of kings revered,
 And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
 Is with fair liberty combined,
 Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
 And flies constraint the magic wand 110
 Of the fair dame that rules the land,
 Little we heed the tempest drear,
 While music, mirth, and social cheer
 Speed on their wings the passing year.
 And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
 When not a leaf is on the bough.
 Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
 As loth to leave the sweet domain,
 And holds his mirror to her face,
 And clips her with a close embrace :— 120
 Gladly as he we seek the dome,
 And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of glee,
 My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee !
 For many a merry hour we've known,
 And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
 Cease, then, my friend ! a moment cease,
 And leave these classic tomes in peace !
 Of Roman and of Grecian lore
 Sure mortal brain can hold no more. 130
 These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
 " Were pretty fellows in their day ;"
 But time and tide o'er all prevail—
 On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—

Of wonder and of war—" Profane !
 What ! leave the lofty Latian strain,
 Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
 To hear the clash of rusty arms :
 In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
 To jostle conjurer and ghost, 140
 Goblin and witch !"—Nay, Heber dear,
 Before you touch my charter, hear ;
 Though Leyden aids, alas ! no more,
 My cause with many-languaged lore,
 This may I say :—in realms of death
 Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith* ;
 Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
 The ghost of murder'd Polydore ;
 For omens, we in Livy cross,
 At every turn, *locutus Bos*. 150
 As grave and duly speaks that ox,
 As if he told the price of stocks ;
 Or held, in Rome republican,
 The place of Common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,
 Their legends wild of woe and fear.
 To Cambria look—the peasant see
 Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
 And shun " the Spirit's Blasted Tree."
 The Highlander, whose red claymore 160
 The battle turn'd on Maida's shore,
 Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
 If ask'd to tell a fairy tale :
 He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
 Who leaves that day his grassy ring :
 Invisible to human ken,
 He walks among the sons of men.

Did'st e'er, dear Heber, pass along
 Beneath the towers of Franchémont,

Which, like an eagle's nest in air, 170
 Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair ?
 Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
 A mighty treasure buried lay,
 Amass'd through rapine and through wrong
 By the last Lord of Franchémont.
 The iron chest is bolted hard,
 A huntsman sits its constant guard ;
 Around his neck his horn is hung,
 His hanger in his belt is slung ;
 Before his feet his blood-hounds lie : 180
 An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
 Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
 As true a huntsman doth he look
 As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
 Or ever hollow'd to a hound.
 To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
 In that same dungeon ever tries
 An aged Necromantic Priest ;
 It is an hundred years at least
 Since 'twixt them first the strife begun, 190
 And neither yet has lost or won.
 And oft the Conjuror's words will make
 The stubborn Demon groan and quake ;
 And oft the bands of iron break,
 Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
 Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.
 That magic strife within the tomb
 May last until the day of doom,
 Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
 The very word that clench'd the spell, 200
 When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.
 An hundred years are pass'd and gone,
 And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
 Excuse for old Pitscottie say,

Whose gossip history has given
 My song the messenger from Heaven,
 That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,
 Nor less the infernal summoning ;
 May pass the Monk of Durham's tale, 210
 Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail ;
 May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
 Who told of Gifford's Goblin-cave.
 But why such instances to you,
 Who, in an instant, can renew
 Your treasured hoards of various lore,
 And furnish twenty thousand more ?
 Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
 Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
 While gripple owners still refuse 220
 To others what they cannot use ;
 Give them the Priest's whole century,
 They shall not spell you letters three ;
 Their pleasure in the books the same
 The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.
 Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
 Delight, amusement, science, art,
 To every ear and eye impart ;
 Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
 Can like the owner's self enjoy them ?— 230
 But hark ! I hear the distant drum !
 The day of Flodden Field is come.—
 Adieu, dear Heber ! life and health,
 And store of literary wealth.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE BATTLE.

I.

WHILE great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanour, changed and cold,
Of Douglas fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuff'd the battle from afar ;
And hopes were none that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England's King in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day,— 10
While these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the dame's devotions share :
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And with short interval did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high baronial pride,—
A life both dull and dignified ;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
Upon her intervals of rest, 20
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.

Many a rude tower and rampart there
 Repell'd the insult of the air,
 Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
 Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by. 30
 Above the rest, a turret square
 Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
 Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;
 The Bloody Heart was in the field,
 And in the chief three mullets stood,
 The cognizance of Douglas blood.
 The turret held a narrow stair,
 Which, mounted, gave you access where
 A parapet's embattled row
 Did seaward round the castle go. 40
 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
 Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
 Sometimes in platform broad extending,
 Its varying circle did combine
 Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,
 And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign :
 Above the booming ocean leant
 The far-projecting battlement ;
 The billows burst in ceaseless flow
 Upon the precipice below. 50
 Where'er Tantallon faced the land
 Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd ;
 No need upon the sea-girt side ;
 The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
 Approach of human step denied ;
 And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,
 Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
 Would to these battlements repair,
 And muse upon her sorrows there, 60
 And list the sea-bird's cry ;

Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide
Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide

Look down with weary eye.

Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—
A home she ne'er might see again ;

For she had laid adown,

So Douglas bade, the hood and veil, 70

And frontlet of the cloister pale,

And Benedictine gown :

It were unseemly sight, he said,

A novice out of convent shade.—

Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,

Again adorn'd her brow of snow ;

Her mantle rich, whose borders round

A deep and fretted broidery bound,

In golden foldings sought the ground ;

Of holy ornament, alone 80

Remain'd a cross with ruby stone ;

And often did she look

On that which in her hand she bore,

With velvet bound, and broider'd o'er,

Her breviary book.

In such a place, so lone, so grim,

At dawning pale, or twilight dim,

It fearful would have been

To meet a form so richly dress'd,

With book in hand, and cross on breast, 90

And such a woeful mien.

Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,

To practise on the gull and crow,

Saw her at distance, gliding slow,

And did by Mary swear,

Some love-lorn fay she might have been,

Or, in romance, some spell-bound queen ;

For ne'er in work-day world was seen

A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking thus at evening tide, 100
 It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
 And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess there,
 Perchance, does to her home repair ;
 Her peaceful rule, where Duty free
 Walks hand in hand with Charity ;
 Where oft Devotion's trancèd glow
 Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
 That the enraptured sisters see
 High vision, and deep mystery ;
 The very form of Hilda fair, 110
 Hovering upon the sunny air,
 And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
 O ! wherefore, to my duller eye,
 Did still the Saint her form deny ?
 Was it that, sear'd by sinful scorn,
 My heart could neither melt nor burn ?
 Or lie my warm affections low,
 With him that taught them first to glow ?
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew
 To pay thy kindness grateful due, 120
 And well could brook the mild command
 That ruled thy simple maiden band.
 How different now ! condemn'd to bide
 My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—
 But Marmion has to learn ere long
 That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
 Descended to a feeble girl
 From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl :
 Of such a stem a sapling weak
 He ne'er shall bend, although he break. 130

V.

"But see !—what makes this armour here ?"—
 For in her path there lay
 Targe, corslet, helm ;—she view'd them near.—

“ The breast-plate pierced !—Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,

As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton !—Oh ! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard 140
On yon disastrous day !”—

She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—

WILTON himself before her stood !

It might have seem'd his passing ghost,

For every youthful grace was lost ;

And joy unwonted, and surprise,

Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—

Expect not, noble dames and lords,

That I can tell such scene in words :

What skilful limner e'er would choose 150

To paint the rainbow's varying hues,

Unless to mortal it were given

To dip his brush in dyes of heaven ?

Far less can my weak line declare

Each changing passion's shade ;

Brightening to rapture from despair,

Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,

And joy with her angelic air,

And hope that paints the future fair,

Their varying hues display'd : 160

Each o'er its rival's ground extending,

Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,

Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,

And mighty Love retains the field.

Shortly I tell what then he said,

By many a tender word delay'd,

And modest blush, and bursting sigh,

And question kind, and fond reply :—

VI.

Ge Wilton's History.

" Forget we that disastrous day
 When senseless in the lists I lay. 170
 Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,
 For sense and recollection fled,—
 I found me on a pallet low,
 Within my ancient beadsman's shed.
 Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,
 How thou didst blush when the old man,
 When first our infant love began,
 Said we would make a matchless pair?—
 Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
 From the degraded traitor's bed,— 180
 He only held my burning head,
 And tended me for many a day,
 While wounds and fever held their sway.
 But far more needful was his care
 When sense return'd to wake despair ;
 For I did tear the closing wound,
 And dash me frantic on the ground,
 If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
 At length, to calmer reason brought,
 Much by his kind attendance wrought, 190
 With him I left my native strand,
 And, in a palmer's weeds array'd,
 My hated name and form to shade,
 I journey'd many a land ;
 No more a lord of rank and birth,
 But mingled with the dregs of earth.
 Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,
 When I would sit, and deeply brood
 On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
 Or wild mad schemes uprear'd. 200
 My friend at length fell sick, and said
 God would remove him soon :

And, while upon his dying bed,
 He begg'd of me a boon—
 If e'er my deadliest enemy
 Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,
 Even then my mercy should awake,
 And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

“ Still restless as a second Cain,
 To Scotland next my route was ta'en, 210
 Full well the paths I knew.
 Fame of my fate made various sound,
 That death in pilgrimage I found,
 That I had perish'd of my wound,—
 None cared which tale was true :
 And living eye could never guess
 De Wilton in his palmer's dress ;
 For now that sable slough is shed,
 And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,
 I scarcely know me in the glass. 220
 A chance most wondrous did provide
 That I should be that Baron's guide—
 I will not name his name !—
 Vengeance to God alone belongs ;
 But, when I think on all my wrongs,
 My blood is liquid flame !
 And ne'er the time shall I forget
 When, in a Scottish hostel set,
 Dark looks we did exchange :
 What were his thoughts I cannot tell ; 230
 But in my bosom muster'd Hell
 Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

“ A word of vulgar augury
 That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
 Brought on a village tale,

Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armèd forth by night.

I borrow'd steed, and mail,
And weapons from his sleeping band ;
And, passing from a postern door,
We met, and 'counter'd, hand to hand,—
He fell on Gifford-moor.

240

For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
(O then my helmèd head he knew,
The palmer's cowl was gone,)
Then had three inches of my blade
The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
My hand the thought of Austin staid ;
I left him there alone.—

O good old man ! even from the grave,
Thy spirit could thy master save :
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
Given to my hand this packet dear,
Of power to clear my injured fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's name.—
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of Hell

250

That broke our secret speech—
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or featly was some juggle play'd,

260

A tale of peace to teach.
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

IX.

“ Now here within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,

270

And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
 When the Dead Douglas won the field.
 These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
 Ere morn, shall every breach repair ;
 For nought, he said, was in his halls,
 But ancient armour on the walls,
 And aged chargers in the stalls,
 And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men ;
 The rest were all in Twisel glen. 280
 And now I watch my armour here,
 By law of arms, till midnight's near ;
 Then, once again a belted knight,
 Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X.

" There soon again we meet, my Clare !
 This Baron means to guide thee there :
 Douglas reveres his King's command,
 Else would he take thee from his band.
 And there thy kinsman Surrey, too,
 Will give De Wilton justice due. 290
 Now meeter far for martial broil,
 Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
 Once more"—" O Wilton ! must we then
 Risk new-found happiness again,
 Trust fate of arms once more ?
 And is there not an humble glen,
 Where we, content and poor,
 Might build a cottage in the shade,
 A shepherd thou, and I to aid
 Thy task on dale and moor ?— 300
 That reddening brow !—too well I know
 Not even thy Clare can peace bestow
 While falsehood stains thy name :
 Go then to fight ! Clare bids thee go !
 Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
 And weep a warrior's shame ;

Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
 Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
 And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
 And send thee forth to fame !” 310

XI.

That night upon the rocks and bay
 The midnight moonbeam slumbering lay,
 And pour'd its silver light and pure
 Through loophole, and through embrasure,
 Upon Tantallon tower and hall ;
 But chief where archèd windows wide
 Illuminate the chapel's pride,
 The sober glances fall.
 Much was there need ; though seam'd with scars,
 Two veterans of the Douglas' wars, 320
 Though two grey priests were there,
 And each a blazing torch held high,
 You could not by their blaze descry
 The chapel's carving fair.
 Amid that dim and smoky light,
 Chequering the silvery moonshine bright,
 A Bishop by the altar stood,
 A noble lord of Douglas blood,
 With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
 Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye 330
 But little pride of prelacy ;
 More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
 He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
 Than that beneath his rule he held
 The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
 Beside him ancient Angus stood,
 Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood :
 O'er his huge form and visage pale
 He wore a cap and shirt of mail ;
 And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand 340
 Upon the huge and sweeping brand

Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
 His foeman's limbs to shred away,
 As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
 He seem'd as, from the tombs around
 Rising at judgment-day,
 Some giant Douglas may be found
 In all his old array ;
 So pale his face, so huge his limb,
 So old his arms, his look so grim.

350

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
 And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;
 And think what next he must have felt
 At buckling of the falchion belt !
 And judge how Clara changed her hue,
 While fastening to her lover's side
 A friend, which, though in danger tried,
 He once had found untrue !
 Then Douglas struck him with his blade :
 " Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
 I dub thee knight.
 Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !
 For king, for church, for lady fair,
 See that thou fight."—
 And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
 Said—" Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,
 Disgrace, and trouble ;
 For He who honour best bestows
 May give thee double."—
 De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
 " Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
 That Douglas is my brother !"
 " Nay, nay," old Angus said, " not so ;
 To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
 Thy wrongs no longer smother.
 I have two sons in yonder field ;
 And, if thou meet'st them under shield,

360

370

Upon them bravely—do thy worst ;
And foul fall him that blenches first !”

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day, 380
When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey’s camp to ride ;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide :
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper’d in an undertone,
“ Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”—
The train from out the castle drew, 390
But Marmion stopp’d to bid adieu :—
 “ Though something I might plain,” he said,
“ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King’s behest,
 While in Tantallon’s towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
“ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still 400
Be open at my Sovereign’s will
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my King’s alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”—

XIV.

Burn’d Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire, 410

And—"This to me!" he said,
 "And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head!

And first I tell thee, haughty Peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride, 420
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
 And if thou said'st I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age: 430

Fierce he broke forth,—“And darest thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!

Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall.”—

Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,—
 And dash'd the rowels in his steed.
 Like arrow through the archway sprung, 440
 The ponderous grate behind him rung;
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;

Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim :
 And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours, 450
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, "and chase !"
 But soon he rein'd his fury's pace :
 "A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name.—
 A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !
 Did ever knight so foul a deed ?
 At first in heart it liked me ill,
 When the King praised his clerkly skill.
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine, 460
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line :
 So swore I, and I swear it still,
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him too," he cried :
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
 I warrant him a warrior tried."
 With this his mandate he recalls, 470
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;
 Yet, e'er his passion's gust was o'er,
 They cross'd the heights of Stanrig-moor.
 His troop more closely there he scann'd,
 And miss'd the Palmer from the band.—
 "Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
 "He parted at the peep of day ;
 Good sooth, it was in strange array."—
 "In what array ?" said Marmion, quick. 480
 "My lord, I ill can spell the trick ;

But all night long, with clink and bang,
 Close to my couch did hammers clang ;
 At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
 And from a loophole while I peep,
 Old Bell-the-Cat came from the keep,
 Wrapp'd in a gown of sables fair,
 As fearful of the morning air ;
 Beneath, when that was blown aside,
 A rusty shirt of mail I spied, 490
 By Archibald won in bloody work
 Against the Saracen and Turk :
 Last night it hung not in the hall ;
 I thought some marvel would befall.
 And next I saw them saddled lead
 Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed ;
 A matchless horse, though something old,
 Prompt to his paces, cool and bold.
 I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
 The Earl did much the Master pray 500
 To use him on the battle-day ;
 But he preferr'd "——" "Nay, Henry, cease !
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
 Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,
 What did Blount see at break of day ?"

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried
 (For then I stood by Henry's side)
 The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,
 Upon the Earl's own favourite steed :
 All sheathed he was in armour bright, 510
 And much resembled that same knight
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight :
 Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—
 The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
 A sudden light on Marmion broke ;—
 "Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost !"
 He mutter'd ; " 'Twas nor fay nor ghost

The white pavilions made a show,
 Like remnants of the winter snow,
 Along the dusky ridge.
 Long Marmion look'd :—at length his eye
 Unusual movement might descry
 Amid the shifting lines :
 The Scottish host drawn out appears, 560
 For, flashing on the hedge of spears,
 The eastern sunbeam shines.
 Their front now deepening, now extending,
 Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
 Now drawing back, and now descending,
 The skilful Marmion well could know
 They watch'd the motions of some foe
 Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
 The Scots beheld the English host 570
 Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
 And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
 The Till by Twisel Bridge.
 High sight it is, and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile ;
 Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.
 By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
 Troop after troop are disappearing ;
 Troop after troop their banners rearing 580
 Upon the eastern bank you see.
 Still pouring down the rocky den
 Where flows the sullen Till,
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,
 Standards on standards, men on men,
 In slow succession still,
 And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
 To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet clang, 590
 Twisel ! thy rock's deep echo rang ;
 And many a chief of birth and rank,
 Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.
 Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
 In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
 Had then from many an axe its doom,
 To give the marching columns room.

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
 Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
 Since England gains the pass the while, 600
 And struggles through the deep defile ?
 What checks the fiery soul of James ?
 Why sits that champion of the dames
 Inactive on his steed,
 And sees, between him and his land,
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
 His host Lord Surrey lead ?
 What vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?—
 O Douglas, for thy leading wand !
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed ! 610
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
 And cry—" Saint Andrew and our right !"
 Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannockbourne !—
 The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
 And England's host has gain'd the plain ;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden hill. 620

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,

“ Hark ! hark ! my lord, an English drum :
 And see ascending squadrons come
 Between Tweed’s river and the hill,
 Foot, horse, and cannon :—hap what hap,
 My basnet to a prentice cap,
 Lord Surrey’s o’er the Till !—
 Yet more ! yet more !—how fair array’d
 They file from out the hawthorn shade, 630
 And sweep so gallant by !
 With all their banners bravely spread,
 And all their armour flashing high,
 Saint George might waken from the dead,
 To see fair England’s standards fly.”—
 “ Stint in thy prate,” quoth Blount, “ thou’dst best,
 And listen to our lord’s behest.”—
 With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
 “ This instant be our band array’d ; 640
 The river must be quickly cross’d,
 That we may join Lord Surrey’s host.
 If fight King James,—as well I trust
 That fight he will, and fight he must,—
 The Lady Clare behind our lines
 Shall tarry while the battle joins.”

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
 Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ;
 Far less would listen to his prayer,
 To leave behind the helpless Clare.
 Down to the Tweed his band he drew, 650
 And mutter’d as the flood they view,
 “ The pheasant in the falcon’s claw,
 He scarce will yield to please a daw :
 Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
 So Clare shall bide with me.”
 Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
 Where to the Tweed Leat’s eddies creep,
 He ventured desperately :

And not a moment will he bide,
 Till squire, or groom, before him ride ; 660
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,
 And stems it gallantly.
 Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
 Old Hubert led her rein ;
 Stoutly they braved the current's course,
 And, though far downward driven perforce,
 The southern bank they gain ;
 Behind them, straggling, came to shore,
 As best they might, the train :
 Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore, 670
 A caution not in vain ;
 Deep need that day that every string,
 By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
 And breathed his steed, his men array'd,
 Then forward moved his band,
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
 He halted by a cross of stone,
 That, on a hillock standing lone,
 Did all the field command. 680

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
 Of either host, for deadly fray ;
 Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,
 And fronted north and south,
 And distant salutation pass'd
 From the loud cannon mouth ;
 Not in the close successive rattle
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,
 But slow and far between.—
 The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid : 690
 “ Here, by this cross,” he gently said,
 “ You well may view the scene.
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :
 O ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !—

Thou wilt not?—well, no less my care
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,

With ten pick'd archers of my train ;
 With England if the day go hard,

To Berwick speed amain.—

700

But if we conquer, cruel maid,
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again.”

He waited not for answer there,
 And would not mark the maid's despair,

Nor heed the discontented look

From either squire ; but spurr'd amain,
 And, dashing through the battle-plain,

His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

“——The good Lord Marmion, by my life ! 710

Welcome to danger's hour !—

Short greeting serves in time of strife :—

Thus have I ranged my power :

Myself will rule this central host,

Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vaward post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;

Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,

Shall be in rearward of the fight,

And succour those that need it most. 720

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,

Would gladly to the vanguard go ;

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there.

With thee their charge will blithely share ;

There fight thine own retainers too.

Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.”—

“Thanks, noble Surrey !” Marmion said,

Nor farther greeting there he paid ;

But, parting like a thunderbolt,

First in the vanguard made a halt, 730

Where such a shout there rose
 Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,
 Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
 Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
 With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
 On which, (for far the day was spent,)
 The western sunbeams now were bent.
 The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
 Could plain their distant comrades view : 740
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
 "Unworthy office here to stay !
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
 But see ! look up—on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
 And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreath'd in sable smoke.
 Volumed and vast, and rolling far, 750
 The cloud envelop'd Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke ;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march ; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.—
 Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.— 760
 They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air ;

O ! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look'd the anxious squires ; their eye 770
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And first the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white seamew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave, 780
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
But nought distinct they see :
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white, 790
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;

Though there the western mountaineer 800
 Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied.
 'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile cheer'd Scotland's fight.
 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell ;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell. 810
 The Border slogan rent the sky !
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose ;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It waver'd 'mid the foes.
 No longer Blount the view could bear :
 “ By Heaven and all its saints ! I swear 820
 I will not see it lost !
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
 I gallop to the host.”
 And to the fray he rode amain,
 Follow'd by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly closed the war around, 830
 Like pine-tree rooted from the ground
 It sank among the foes.
 Then Eustace mounted too,—yet staid,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,

Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight, 840
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone :
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
 The scatter'd van of England wheels ;—
 She only said, as loud in air 850
 The tumult roar'd, “ Is Wilton there ? ” —
 They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
 Fight but to die,—“ Is Wilton there ? ”—
 With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strain'd the broken brand ;
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand :
 Dragg'd from among the horses' feet, 860
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—“ By Saint George, he's gone !
 That spear-wound has our master sped,
 And see the deep cut on his head !
 Good-night to Marmion.”—
 “ Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease : 870
 He opes his eyes,” said Eustace ; “ peace ! ”

XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
 “ Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
 Cry—‘ Marmion to the rescue ! ’—Vain !
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly, 880
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring :
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
 Edmund is down ;—my life is reft ;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host, 890
 Or victory and England's lost.—
 Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”
 They parted, and alone he lay ;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmur'd,—“ Is there none
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessèd water from the spring, 900
 To slake my dying thirst ! ”

XXX.

O Woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When with the Baron's casque the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran : 910
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn !—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell, 920
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,
 Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
 For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .
 Who . built . this . cross . and . well .
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A monk supporting Marmion's head ;
 A pious man, whom duty brought 930
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
 “Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
 “Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?”
 Then, as remembrance rose,—
 “Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
 I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare ; 940
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !"—
 "Alas !" she said, " the while,—
 O, think of your immortal weal !
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
 She——died at Holy Isle."—
 Lord Marmion started from the ground
 As light as if he felt no wound ;
 Though in the action burst the tide
 In torrents from his wounded side.
 "Then it was truth ;"—he said—" I knew 950
 That the dark presage must be true.—
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day !
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on you base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand ! 960
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear ; 970
 For that she ever sung,
 " *In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !*"
 So the notes rung.—

Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies, 1010
 Our Caledonian pride !
 In vain the wish—for far away,
 While spoil and havoc mark their way,
 Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
 “ O Lady,” cried the monk, “ away !”
 And placed her on her steed,
 And led her to the chapel fair
 Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
 There all the night they spent in prayer,
 And, at the dawn of morning, there 1020
 She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath
 More desperate grew the strife of death.
 The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
 In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their King.
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow.
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go, 1030
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring ;
 The stubborn spearmen still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood
 The instant that he fell.
 No thought was there of dastard flight ;
 Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well ; 1040
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.

Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;
 And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did their loss his foeman know ;
 Their King, their lords, their mightiest low,
 They melted from the field, as snow, 1050
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land ;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song 1060
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield !

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side :—
 There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one :
 The sad survivors all are gone.— 1070
 View not that corpse mistrustfully,
 Defaced and mangled though it be ;
 Nor to yon Border castle high
 Look northward with upbraiding eye ;
 Nor cherish hope in vain
 That, journeying far on foreign strand,
 The Royal Pilgrim to his land

May yet return again.
 He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;
 Reckless of life, he desperate fought, 1080
 And fell on Flodden plain :
 And well in death his trusty brand,
 Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
 Beseem'd the monarch slain.
 But O ! how changed since yon blithe night !
 Gladly I turn me from the sight
 Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale :—Fitz-Eustace' care
 A pierced and mangled body bare 1090
 To moated Lichfield's lofty pile ;
 And there, beneath the southern aisle,
 A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
 Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.
 (Now vainly for its site you look ;
 'Twas levell'd, when fanatic Brook
 The fair cathedral storm'd and took ;
 But, thanks to Heaven, and good Saint Chad,
 A guerdon meet the spoiler had !)
 There erst was martial Marmion found,
 His feet upon a couchant hound, 1100
 His hands to Heaven upraised ;
 And all around, on scutcheon rich,
 And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
 His arms and feats were blazed.
 And yet, though all was carved so fair,
 And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
 The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
 From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
 Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—
 One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay 1110
 In Scotland mourns as “ wede away ” :

Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
 And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,
 Close by the noble Marmion's side.
 The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,
 And thus their corpses were mista'en ;
 And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb
 The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
 Lord Marmion's nameless grave and low. 1120
 They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
 But every mark is gone ;
 Time's wasting hand has done away
 The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
 And broke her font of stone :
 But yet from out the little hill
 Oozes the slender springlet still.
 Oft halts the stranger there,
 For thence may best his curious eye
 The memorable field descry ; 1130
 And shepherd boys repair
 To seek the water-flag and rush,
 And rest them by the hazel bush,
 And plait their garlands fair ;
 Nor dream they sit upon the grave
 That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—
 When thou shalt find the little hill,
 With thy heart commune, and be still.
 If ever, in temptation strong,
 Thou left'st the right path for the wrong ; 1140
 If every devious step thus trod
 Still led thee farther from the road ;
 Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
 On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;
 But say, " He died a gallant knight,
 With sword in hand, for England's right."

L'Envoy.

TO THE READER.

WHY then a final note prolong,
 Or lengthen out a closing song,
 Unless to bid the gentles speed,
 Who long have listed to my rede ?
 To Statesmen grave, if such may deign
 To read the Minstrel's idle strain,
 Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
 And patriotic heart—as PITT !
 A garland for the hero's crest,
 And twined by her he loves the best ; 10
 To every lovely lady bright,
 What can I wish but faithful knight ?
 To every faithful lover too,
 What can I wish but lady true ?
 And knowledge to the studious sage ;
 And pillow to the head of age.
 To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
 Has cheated of thy hour of play,
 Light task, and merry holiday !
 To all, to each, a fair good-night, 20
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light !

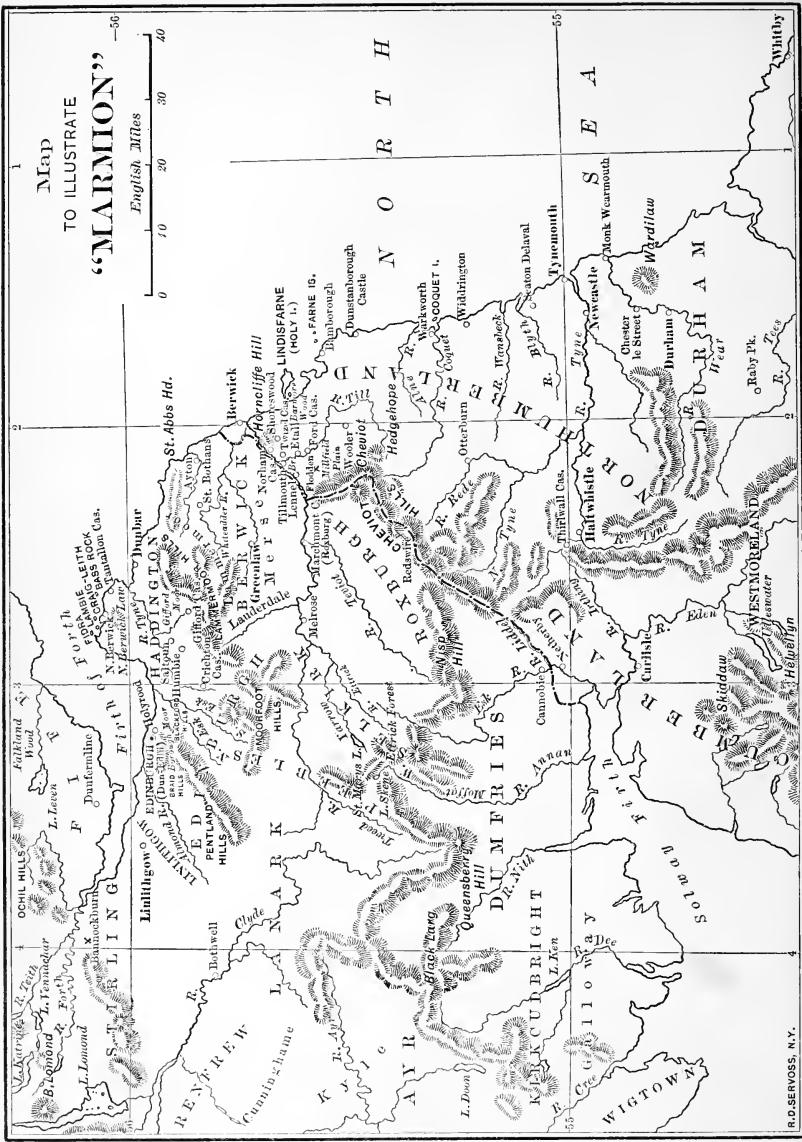
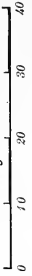
Map

TO ILLUSTRATE

‘MARMION’

—50—

English Miles



N O R T H

S E A

NOTES

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO I.

William Stewart Rose was a literary man of some distinction. His friendship with Scott was of long standing. When Scott was returning from London, during his composition of *Marmion*, he visited Rose at his cottage of Gundimore, in Hampshire. Rose was known chiefly by his *Letters from the North of Italy* and his translation of *Orlando Furioso*. He also translated the romances *Amadis de Gaul* and *Partenopex de Blois*, which Scott alludes to in line 310 ff.

The introduction was written late in 1806. Pitt had died early in the year, worn out by the strain of keeping the beaten powers of Europe in line against Napoleon. Fox, who had succeeded to the direction of foreign affairs, had failed to realize the great dream of his life, peace with Napoleon, and had died eight months after his rival. The last catastrophe on the Continent had been the annihilation of the Prussian power at Jena, in October, 1806.

3. *Linn* is used for cascade, pool, or ravine. Here it refers to the ravine which was close under the windows of the house of Ashestiel, "down which a mountain rivulet is more heard than seen in its progress to the Tweed."—LOCKHART.

14. *Tweed*. "The river itself is separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure."—LOCKHART. The Tweed flows in a generally eastward direction. On the southern bank, east of Ashestiel, are Flodden Edge and Norham Castle.

20. *Needpath-fell*, a hill near Ashestiel. *Fell*, a rocky hill.

22. *Yair*, another hill near Ashestiel.

23. *Pinching*, as in Shakspeare, biting. Cf. our expression, "a biting frost." *Heaven*, weather.

30. *Glenkinnon's Rill*, a brook near Ashestiel.

37. *Imp.* "Imp" is used for child, especially for a naughty or mischievous child. Scott had four children when this was written.

50. *Round*, a circular dance of persons holding hands. *Cf. Comus*, 143, "light fantastic round." Here it may refer to the dance of the children, or, loosely used, to the bounding of the lambs.

64. Probably a reminiscence of Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

72. *Gadite*, an adjective formed from Cadiz, called by the Romans Gades. Cape Trafalgar is thirty miles south of Cadiz. Here Nelson destroyed the French fleet, October 21, 1805.

73. *Levin*, lightning.

80. *Who bade the conqueror go forth.* William Pitt was the Prime Minister of England from 1783 to 1801, and from 1803 to 1806. His father, the Earl of Chatham, was the great war minister to whose genius England owed her triumph over France in the Seven Years' War, and her conquest of Canada. Pitt the younger became Prime Minister at the age of twenty-five. He was not a war minister. "He was in fact a peace minister, forced into war by a panic and enthusiasm which he shared in a very small degree, and unaided by his father's gift of at once entering into the sympathies and passions around him, and of rousing passions and sympathies in return."—GREEN, *A Short History of the English People*. Nevertheless, Pitt is remembered for his desperate attempt to foil Napoleon by his successive coalitions of the powers.

82. *Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar*, are scenes of Nelson's victories; the Nile, 1798; Copenhagen, 1801; Trafalgar, 1805.

90. *Albion*, the poetic name for England. In contrast to the usual corruption of public men of the eighteenth century Pitt neglected his opportunities of enrichment to such an extent that he died £40,000 in debt. His last words were, "My country! How I leave my country!"

91. *Amain*, with force. *Cf.* the familiar phrase, "with might and main."

92. The reference here is to the internal disturbances in England, the bread riots of 1795 and 1800, etc. In spite of this discontent Pitt organized a national army of three hun-

dred thousand volunteers to meet Napoleon's threatened invasion.

104. *Tottering throne*, an allusion to the insanity of George the Third.

111. *Palinure's unaltered mood*, an allusion to the steadfastness of Aeneas' helmsman, who refused to be seduced from his post by Somnus, the god of sleep, and was hurled into the sea by the angry god.—*Aeneid*, v., 854 ff.

127. *His rival slumbers nigh*. Charles James Fox was Pitt's opponent from the latter's first entry into public life. He is buried near Pitt in Westminster Abbey.

130. Scott inserted the next twelve lines in place of six which occur in the original manuscript. The change was obviously made in order to make the balance between the two men more complete. The lines as first written are :

“If genius high, and judgment sound,
And art that loved to play, not wound,
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine,
Could save one mortal of the herd
From error—Fox had never err'd.”

Even the passage as altered did not please Fox's admirers. Jeffrey wrote in his cutting criticism in the *Edinburgh Review* :

“The first epistolary effusion, containing a threnody on Nelson, Pitt, and Fox, exhibits a remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarrel with a poet on the score of politics ; but the manner in which he has chosen to praise the last of these great men is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers, than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised is for having broken off the negotiation for peace ; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honoured grave of Pitt ! It is then said that his errors should be forgotten, and that he *died* a Briton—a pretty plain insinuation that, in the Author's opinion, he did not live one ; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over the grave of his villain hero, Marmion.”

135. *Resolve*, resolve into its elements ; analyze.

139. *Error*, a reference to Fox's private debauchery.

142. *Here*, Westminster Abbey.

146. *Aisles*. The aisles, from *ala*, wing, are the longitudinal divisions of the body of a church made by rows of columns. The term is usually applied to the side divisions

as distinct from the central one. *Fretted* refers to the ornamentation of the aisles by the intersecting lines of the ceiling.

154 ff. These lines refer to Fox's course while Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1806. Austria "bent" at Austerlitz, where Napoleon completely defeated her forces and obliged her to sign the treaty of Presburg at the close of 1805. Prussia "broke" at Jena, October 14, 1806, after which the Prussian monarchy almost collapsed, and became in fact a mere vassal of France. Russia had been in alliance with England, but in the negotiations after Austerlitz her ambassador agreed to a peace with Napoleon without consulting the interests of the allies. This ambassador, D'Oubril, was the "timorous slave." The treaty was, however, repudiated by the Czar. Fox had long contended in Parliament for peace with France. As minister he entered into negotiations with Napoleon, but he was forced to see at last that there was no chance of securing anything like honorable terms. In spite of the fact that all of England's allies were wavering or broken, he refused to accept what Napoleon offered.

Scott is somewhat unchronological in this passage. Jena was not fought until after Fox's death. The premature treaty of Russia with France was signed while England was negotiating with France. Its repudiation by the Czar was one reason why England withdrew from these negotiations. This final withdrawal, and the formal adoption of Pitt's war policy by the new ministry, which might be described as nailing the colors to the mast, took place some weeks after Fox's death.

177. *Thessalian*, an allusion to the common belief that Thessaly was the home of witchcraft.

199. *Hearse*, tomb. The hearse was originally a harrow. The term was then applied to the triangular frame holding upright candles that was placed over the coffin. It then came to be used of various objects connected with funerals, usually of the tomb, as here.

Cf. "Let all the tears that should bedew my *hearse*
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head."—*Henry IV.*, Second Part, iv., v.

203. *Border Minstrel*, a reference to Scott himself, whose earlier *Lay* had been praised by both Pitt and Fox.

204. *Gothic*, rude; opposed to classical. The term was applied with something of contempt by eighteenth century writers of classical tendencies to the romantic school. Historically the

term comes from the Goths, the sturdiest opponents of the Western Roman Empire, and is used loosely for various elements (*e.g.*, Gothic architecture) in mediæval civilization which may have been remotely due to their influence.

217. *Ecstasy*, high emotion.

220 ff. The picture of Westminster Abbey, which the poet has called up in his mind, fades.

232. *Prompt*, etc. The poet is ready to undertake tasks for which he is unequal.

235. *Waste*, spend, its meaning often in Shakspeare. *Cf.* "companions that do converse and waste the time together," *Merchant of Venice*, iii., iv.

238. *Shrilling*, a participle from an old verb, "to shrill."

254. *Palsied hand*. Palsied is not a passive participle, but an adjective, meaning furnished with the power of palsyng. Shakspeare affords many examples of like use.

256. *Steely weeds*, clothes of steel. *Weeds* is sometimes used in the sense of garments even to-day. *Cf.* "In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er."—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*.

258. *The Champion of the Lake*, Sir Lancelot of the Lake.

259. *Morgana* was King Arthur's wicked sister, Queen Morgan Le Fay, who, out of her vain love for Lancelot, brought him by enchantment to her castle, and, on his rejecting her love, conjured up a "chapel perilous," guarded by armed giants and deadly spells, by beguiling him whither on a knightly adventure, she hoped to bring about his death. See Malory's famous *Mort Darthur*, Book xi.

263. *Ganore*, King Arthur's wife, Queen Guinevere.

265. Lancelot's fight with Sir Turquine (Tarquin) will be found in the *Mort Darthur*, Book vi., chapters vii.–ix.

267. *A sinful man and unconfess'd*, etc. Lancelot's vain quest of the Holy Grail is best read in Tennyson's *The Holy Grail*. See also *Mort Darthur*, Book xiii., chapters xviii., xix. *Unconfess'd*, not having confessed his sins and been shrived.

271. *The mightiest chiefs*, etc., a fact which the romanticists were not slow to remember.

273. *Spenser's elfin dream*, a reference to *The Faerie Queene*.

274. *Milton's heavenly theme*. It is well known that Milton in his youth thought of writing an Arthurian epic. In *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* there are references which show his familiarity with British legends. *Cf. Paradise Lost*, Book i., line 580.

275. *And Dryden*, etc. At one time Dryden had in mind an epic based on the legends of King Arthur, but was turned away from this and a similar project by finding that the taste of his times demanded less heroic themes and a different style. See his *Essay on Satire*.

282. *Defrauded*. The verb looks back for its subject to "king and court."

294. *Prick*, spur.

308. *Lion-mettled*, having the mettle of a lion.

310. *Fair achievement*. See note above on William Stewart Rose.

312. *Ytene's oaks*. "The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called."—SCOTT. Rose lived near the New Forest.

314. *Ascapart*, etc. Ascapart was a giant, conquered by Bevis of Southampton, whose *History*, in various forms, remained popular until the eighteenth century.

315. *Red King*, William II., Rufus, or the Red, who was shot by mistake by his favorite huntsman, Sir Walter Tyrrell, in the New Forest.

320. *Gaul*, Wales.

321. *Hall*. "In hall and bower," *i.e.*, among men and women, is a common expression in the old ballads.

322. *Oriana*, the English princess for whom Amadis undertook his adventures, as described in *Amadis de Gaul*, the most famous of the prose romances of the middle age. *Amadis de Gaul* was probably written by Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese knight of the fourteenth century. It was, however, so extensively translated, added to and imitated, that the original remains somewhat doubtful. A good example of the epic style in which it was written is found in *Don Quixote*.

325. *Partenopex*. *Partenopex de Blois*, a metrical romance of the thirteenth century, narrating the adventures of Partenopex, while seeking the love of a fairy.

CANTO I.

1. *Norham*. "The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles from Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I.

resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland ; and, indeed, scarce any happened in which it had not a principal share. . . . The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, inclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.”—SCOTT.

4. *Battled*, prepared for battle ; furnished with battlements.

Donjon keep. “It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the *donjon*, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle ; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress ; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word dungeon.”—SCOTT.

5. *Loophole grates*, loopholes covered by grating.

14. *Saint George*, the patron saint of England from the time of Edward III. His cross in red on a white ground was the English flag. The original of St. George is supposed to have been an officer in the Roman Army who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian. Others derive the saint from the infamous George of Cappadocia (see Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter xxiii.). Both origins are improbable.

20. *Parted*, departed.

29. *Horncliff-hill*, a hill east of Norham. *Plump*. “This word properly applies to the flight of waterfowl ; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse.

‘ There is a knight of the North Country,
Which leads a lusty *plump* of spears.’—*Flodden Field*.”—SCOTT.

33. *Mettled*, spirited. See note on Introduction to Canto I., l. 308.

38. *Hasted*, hastened.

42. *Sewer*, originally, the taster ; generally, the officer who had charge of serving the feast. *Seneschal*, the steward or head of the household.

43. *Pipe*, cask. *Malvoisie*, Malmsey wine, so called from Malvasia, a Greek town where it was produced.

50. *Salvo-shot*. In the manuscript, “welcome shot.”

55. *Portcullis*, a heavy door let down from above to close an opening.

56. *Unsparr'd*, unbarred.

62. *Stalworth*, stalwart.

65. *Bosworth field*. At Bosworth in 1485 Henry VII. won the crown of England from Richard III.

79. *Milan steel*. The most famous armor of the Middle Ages was made in Milan.

86. *Soared sable*, etc., heraldic terms. The field or general surface of the coat of arms was blue ; the falcon, which soared in the field, was black.

88. *Checks*, a technical term in falconry, meaning to turn aside to attack, or as Schmidt explains it in his *Shakespeare Lexicon*, "applied to a hawk stopping at the sight of game not seen before." Cf. "And, like the haggard, check at every feather," *Twelfth Night*, iii., i. *Dight*, from Anglo-Saxon *dihtan*, prepared, appointed.

"The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story : Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for his skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme :

" 'I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Whoso pinches at her, his death is dight,
In graith.'¹

"The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers :

" 'I bear a pie picking at a peice,
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nese,²
In faith.'

"This affront could only be expiated by a just with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice : in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost

¹ Armour.

² Nose.

two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the King two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the King appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV."—SCOTT.

91. *Housing*, covering of the horse.

92. *Trapped*, adorned.

95. *Gilded spurs*, the badge of knighthood.

98. *Bear the ring away*, an allusion to the knightly sport of riding at the ring, in which a horseman at full speed tried to carry off on the point of his lance a ring suspended before him. Cf. Scott's *Rosabelle* :

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindsay at the ring rides well."

100. *Carve at board*. Chaucer's squire, it will be remembered, "carf byforn his fader at the table," *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, l. 100.

101. *Passing*, exceeding. Cf. "surpassing."

104. *Halbert*, a combination of spear and axe. *Bill*, a knife with a pole for a handle.

107. *When*, elliptical; "for the time when."

108. *Him listed*, it pleased him.

116. *Hosen*, trousers, as in Shakspeare. *Hosen* is the old plural form. Cf. "oxen." *Jerkins*, short coats.

122. *Cloth-yard shaft*, an arrow somewhat more than a yard long. See note on V., 18.

130. *Morion*, a helmet without a visor.

134. *Linstock*, perhaps lintstock, or, more probably lontstock, from *lont*, a match; a cleft stick which held the match used to fire the cannon. *Yare*, ready.

139. *Morrice-pikes*, Moorish pikes. *Advanced*, raised, as frequently in Shakspeare. Cf. "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance," *Tempest*, i., ii.

141. *Glanced*, flashed.

146. *Angels*, English coins worth at this time about ten shillings. On one side they bore a figure of the Archangel Michael killing the dragon.

149. *Brook*, use, manage, or control. In *The Lady of the Lake* we have the sword which only Douglas's "stalwart arm might brook to wield." The word in its usual sense of "bear" is extremely common in Scott's poetry.

151. *Pursuivants*, attendants on the heralds. *Tabarts* (or *tabards*), short coats or tunics on which were blazoned the arms of the wearers. Tabards were always worn by heralds.

157. *They hail'd him*, etc. "Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One or both of these noble possessions was held by the honorable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. . . . I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

"It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very Castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, 'The Hermit of Warkworth.' The story is thus told by Leland :

"'The Scottes came yn to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herbotel, and overran much of Northumberland marches.

"'At this tyme, Thomas Gray and his friends defended Norham from the Scottes.

"'It were a wonderful processe to declare, what mischefes cam by hungre and asseges by the space of xi. yeres in Northumberland ; for the Scottes became so proude after they had got Berwicke, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"'About this tyme there was a greate feste made yn Lincolnshir, to which cam many gentlemen and ladies ; and amonge them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very rich creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham ; whither withyn 4 days of cumming cam Philip Mou-

bray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

“ ‘Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, seyng this, brought his garison afore the barriers of the castle, behynd whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wering the heaulme, his lady’s present.

“ ‘Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, “ ‘Sir knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet : mount up on yowr horse, and ryde lyke a valiant man to yowr foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deadé or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.”

“ ‘Whereupon he toke his cursere, and rode among the throng of ennemyes ; the which layed sore stripes on hym, and pullid hym at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

“ ‘Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garrison, lette prik yn among the Scottes, and so wondid them and their horses, that they were overthrown ; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and, with Gray, persewed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken fifty horse of price ; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase.’ ”—SCOTT.

161. *Marks’ weight.* The mark, a weight equal to eight ounces, and was also a coin worth 13 shillings and 4 pence.

163. *Largesse.* “ ‘This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights. . . .

“ ‘The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions.

“ ‘At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in Stanza xxi.’ ”—SCOTT.

165. *Blazon’d shield,* a shield on which particular bearings or heraldic emblems were displayed. *Cf.* VI., 1160, where Wilton is allowed to add special bearings for his valor at Flodden.

171. *Lordings,* diminutive of lords ; a term of respect.

174. *Lists,* the tournament.

185. *Reversed,* part of the ceremony of degrading a knight. See note on II., 523.

192. *Sir Hugh the Heron.* “ ‘Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan’s name ought to have been William ; for William Heron of Ford was husband

to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII. on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own castle at Ford."—SCOTT.

193. *Ford*. Ford Castle is a mile northeast of Flodden Hill.

195. *Deas*. Dais.

200. "The ballad here quoted was the production of Mr. R. Surtees, and palmed off by him upon Scott as a genuine relic of antiquity."—LOCKHART. The entire ballad, called *The Death of Featherstonhaugh*, is given in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

203. *Hardriding Dick*, Richard Ridley of Hardriding.

205. *Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh* was killed in 1530.

206. *Deadman's-shaw*, Deadman's Wood.

222. *Couch*, to put the lance in rest, or at the level for charging, where it was sustained by a projection on the armor.

231. *Wassel-bowl*. *Wassail* (*wassel*) comes from the Anglo-Saxon *waeshael*, a greeting of health. It came to denote the festivities at which such greetings were given, and the liquor in which they were drunk. This latter was a mixture of ale, with spices and crab-apples.

238. *Raby*, a castle near Durham.

257. *Brook*. Here and below (l. 262) *brook* has its usual meaning of bear, endure.

264. *Lindisfarn*. See note on II., 10.

277. *Fosse*, moat.

281. *Queen Margaret*, daughter of Henry VII. and wife of James IV. of Scotland.

284. *Leash*, the cord by which the hound is held.

286. *Soar her swing*, soar until tired.

287. *Stoop*, lower her flight. See IV., 585, and VI., 389.

298. *Warbeck*. "The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honourably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated, after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton."—SCOTT.

300. *Surrey*. Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, afterward made Duke of Norfolk, was later given command of the

English forces in the North, and repulsed the Scottish king at Flodden. *Power*, army, as in Shakspeare.

301. *Ayton*, a town in Berwickshire.

302. *Trow*, believe.

303. *Enow*, properly, the plural of *enough*, but used in both numbers.

304. *Pricked*. See note on Introduction to Canto I., 294.

305. *Dunbar*, a town at the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

306. *Saint Bothan*, the name of a parish in Berwickshire which contained a convent of the Cistercians.

307. *Lauderdale*, the western part of Berwickshire.

308. *Harried*, plundered. *Greenlaw*, the capital of Berwickshire.

309. *Light to set their hoods*. "The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. . . . The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning a house. When the Maxwells, in 1685, burned the castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone 'light to set her hood.' Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumberland writes to the King and Council, that he dressed himself at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages burned by the Scottish marauders."—SCOTT.

312. *Lack*, want.

324. *Pardoner*, an officer of the church licensed to sell pardons.

337. An allusion to the hardships of the siege.

338. *Durham aisle*. Here aisle is used for cathedral.

340. *Woe betide*, unluckily.

341. *Too well in case*, too stout.

342. *The priest of Shoreswood*. "This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1549. 'This man,' says Hollinshed, 'had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightilie compact: he was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow, and also in the cross-bow; he handled his hand-gun and peece very well; he was a very good woodman, and a hardie, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling, or his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good, honest parentage, being borne at Peneverin,

in Cornwall ; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain, and a principal doer.' This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church."—SCOTT.

Shoreswood and *Tillmouth* (l. 346) are villages near Norham.

351. *Holy-Rood*, the royal palace in Edinburgh.

354. *Saint Bede*, the Venerable Bede, an early English scholar. His day is May 27th.

362. *Shrieve*, shrive.

368. *Woe were we*. *Woe* seems to be used here as a predicate adjective. Cf. *Cymbeline*, v., 5, "My heart is woe."

372. *Tables*, backgammon.

384. *Crabs*, crabapples.

387. *Fay*, faith.

389. *Palmer*. "A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines, travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity ; whereas the *Pilgrim* retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage."—SCOTT.

The name seems to have come from the practice of bringing palm branches back from the East.

390. *Salem*, Jerusalem.

391. *The blessed tomb*, the Holy Sepulchre.

400. *Dint*, stroke. *Levin*. See note on Introduction to Canto I., 73.

402. *Saint James's cockle-shell*. Pilgrims to the shrine of Saint James in Galicia brought back shells as tokens of their pilgrimage.

403. *Montserrat*, a mountain in northeast Spain with a Benedictine abbey on it.

404. *And of that Grot*, etc. Saint Rosalie was a lady of Palermo, who forsook the world, and lived in a cleft of rock in such an inaccessible spot that it was believed that she was carried thither by angels. A chapel was built on the place where her body was found.

408. *Saint George of Norwich merry*. The cult of Saint George seems early to have been associated with festivities. In Norwich there was a guild of St. George.

409. *Saint Thomas*, Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered in 1170. His tomb was a famous resort for pilgrims.

410. *Cuthbert*. See below on II., 256.

421. *Gramercy*, from *grand merci*, much thanks.

428. *Cockle-shell*. See above on 402.

429. *Angels*. See above on 146.

430. *Still*, always.

447. *As*, as if.

453. *Aves*, invocations to the Virgin, beginning "Ave Maria." It has been pointed out that "ten aves and two creeds" do not represent any specific part of the rosary.

465. *The scallop shell*. Pilgrims from Palestine also wore the scallop shell. See on 402, above.

467. *Loretto*, on the east coast of Italy. Here was the famous shrine, containing a house supposed to have been the Virgin's dwelling at Nazareth.

472. *When as*, an intensive form of *when*.

500. *So*, if.

504. *Bound*, the past participle of *boune*, to prepare. See below, IV., 487. *Bound* came to be used especially in cases where the idea of going was prominent, while *boune* was reserved for the broader meaning, prepared. See *Lady of the Lake*, VI., xv., 28. "To hero boune for battle strife."

506. *Saint Rule*. "Saint Regulus (*Scottice*, St. Rule), a monk of Patrae, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A.D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrew's, in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrew's, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access, and the rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other an aperture into an inner den, where the miserable ascetic, who inhabited this dwelling, probably slept. At full tide, egress and regress is hardly practicable."—SCOTT.

509. *Saint Fillan's*. "Saint Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. . . . There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning. [See various notes to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.]"—SCOTT.

One of Saint Fillan's springs is mentioned in *The Lady of the Lake*, Introduction :

“ Harp of the North, that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring.”

534. *Hasty mass*, a mass shortened for special occasions.

538. *Stirrup-cup*, a cup of wine drunk by the guest after mounting to depart.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO II.

The Reverend John Marriot was the tutor of Lord Scott, son of the Earl of Dalkeith, who afterward succeeded to the dukedom of Buccleuch. Marriot had contributed to *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

2. *Where flourish'd once a forest fair*. “ Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disparted, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed.”—SCOTT.

15. *Rowan*, mountain ash.

32. *Newark*, on the Yarrow, near Selkirk. Newark Castle was one of the possessions of the house of Buccleuch. In this castle the Last Minstrel sings his *Lay* to the Duchess of Buccleuch.

33. *Scottish monarch*. Newark was built by James II. *Power*. See on I., 300.

41. *Leash*. See on I., 284. *Gazehound*, a hound which, like the greyhound, runs by sight, not by scent.

42. *Bratchet*, “slowhound.”—SCOTT. *Brach* is used in Shakspeare for a hound that runs by scent. “Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,” *King Lear*, iii., vi.

45. *Quarry*, the game.

48. *Harquebuss*, the same as arquebus, a heavy musket.

55. *Where erst the outlaw*. “The tale of the Outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest against the King, may be found in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i.”—SCOTT.

61. *Holt*, wood.

73. *Bowhill*, a residence of the Earl of Dalkeith, used by him as a shooting-lodge.

82. *Fair as the elves*. For the reference see the ballad, *Young Tamlane*, in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.

83. *Dance*. The fairies *ride* in the ballad. *Carterhaugh*, a plain at the confluence of the Ettrick and the Yarrow, the scene of the ballad *Young Tamlane*.

84. *Youthful Baron*, Lord Scott.

85. *Forest-Sheriff's*. See Introduction, page ix.

87. *Oberon*, the King of the Fairies.

88. *She*, Harriet, the wife of the Earl of Dalkeith.

106. *Long descended lord*. "The late Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whytbank—whose beautiful seat of the Yair stands on the Tweed, about two miles below Ashestiel, the then residence of the poet."—LOCKHART.

108. *Boys*, the sons of Mr. Pringle.

113. *Wallace*, the old hero of Scotland, who fought for her independence against Edward I. *Wight*, active or warlike.

114. *His airy mound*. "There is, on a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashestiel, a fosse called Wallace's Trench."—SCOTT.

133. *Bent*, slope.

147. *Lone Saint Mary's silent lake*. "This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."—SCOTT.

156. *Shaggy*, literally, hairy, rough. See II., 117.

177. *Our Lady's chapel*. "The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope."—SCOTT.

186. *Same peaceful hermitage*. See Milton's *Il Penseroso*, lines 167 ff.

189. *Bourhope's*. See above on line 177.

196. *Yarrow's faded Flower*. "Near the lower extremity

of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the birthplace of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilius Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of 'Tweedside,' beginning 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honour."—SCOTT.

202. *Wizard's grave.* "At one corner of the burial-ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's Corse*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in *The Monk*, and has been made the theme of a ballad by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designated the Ettrick Shepherd. To his volume, entitled *The Mountain Bard*, which contains this, and many other legendary stories and ballads of great merit, I refer the curious reader."—SCOTT.

219. *Bittern*, a wading-bird allied to the heron.

239. *Loch Skene.* "Loch Skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch Skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the 'Gray Mare's Tail.' The 'Giant's Grave,' afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass."—SCOTT.

259. *Linn*, here, cataract. Cf. *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto VI., xviii., 34 :

"As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring *linn*."

See also Introduction to Canto I., line 3.

261. *Giant's Grave.* See above on line 239.

264. *Isis.* The river that flows into the Thames at Oxford. Marriot was at Oxford when he made his contributions to the *Border Minstrelsy*.

CANTO II.

1. *The breeze*, etc. All editions of *Marmion* until Mr. Rolfe's placed a full stop after "hold" in line 5, thus making "breeze" the subject of "rolled." Undoubtedly the sentence is to be carried on by "it" in line 6.

9. *High Whitby's cloister'd pile*. "The Abbey of Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent."—SCOTT.

10. *Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle*. "Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the Episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his 'patrimony' upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the Venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant."—SCOTT.

30. *Benedicite*. The beginning of the Latin canticle *Benedicite omnia opera*, "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord."

33. *Seadog*, the seal.

36. *Still*, ever, always.

39. *Dedicated*, consecrated.

44. *Novice*. A nun in the year of her probation was called a

novice. She had not taken the vows as yet, and might return to the world instead of following a holy life.

70. *Benedictine school.* Saint Benedict established the strictest of the earlier religious orders at Monte Cassino in the sixth century. His order and system spread over Europe, and became the typical monastic system of the West.

82. *Tynemouth's Prioress.* See note on 371.

83. *Chapter of Saint Benedict,* a meeting of the heads of the Benedictine Houses. *Chapter* is from the Latin *caput*, head.

119. *Hath pacified,* etc., an allusion to Una, attended and protected by a lion, in Book i. of *The Faerie Queene*.

124. *Practised,* plotted, as often in Shakspeare. Cf.

"That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life."—*King Lear*, iii., ii.

Bowl and knife, poison and steel.

132. *Monk-Wearmouth,* a monastery at the mouth of the Wear.

133. *Tynemouth's.* See note on 371.

135. *Seaton-Delaval,* the home of the Delavals.

136. *Blythe and Wansbeck floods,* two small rivers flowing into the North Sea.

138. *Widderington,* a castle belonging to the Witheringtons, one of whom distinguished himself at Chevy Chase :

"For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shoulde be ;
For when both his leggis wear he wyne in to
He knyled and fought on hys kne."—*Ballad of Chevy Chase*.

140. *Coquet-isle,* a small island off the mouth of the Coquet river.

142. *Alne,* a river of Northumberland.

143. *Warkworth,* the chief castle of the Percy family, south of the Alne and somewhat back from the coast.

147. *Dunstanborough,* a castle, now in ruins, dating from the time of Edward II.

148. *Bamborough,* a castle on the site of the palace of King Ida, a Northumbrian king of the sixth century.

157. See note on line 10 above.

168. *Saxon strength.* The strength lay in the short, heavy columns and round arches.

173. *Pointed aisle,* the pointed arch rising above the aisle, in Gothic architecture. *Shafted stalk,* the cluster of columns from which the arch sprang.

181. *Rovers*, the Danes, who plundered monasteries for their wealth.

203. *Monks and nuns*. The nunnery of Holy Island is altogether fictitious.

211. *Hale*, draw.

233. *Three barons bold*. The "popular account" of this curious service, which Scott reproduces at some length in his note, after a narrative called *A True Account*, printed and circulated at Whitby, is to the effect that in the year 1159 three gentlemen met to hunt the boar in the domain of the Abbot of Whitby. The boar took refuge in the chapel of the hermit of Whitby, who shut the door on the hounds. At this the three huntsmen were so angry that they beat the hermit with their boar-staves and mortally wounded him. The murderers were arrested, and were in danger of suffering the death penalty. Before he died, however, the hermit forgave them on condition that they and their successors should hold their lands of the Abbot of Whitby, and that for them they should every year, on Ascension Day, perform "menial service." They were obliged to bear on their backs to the town of Whitby bundles of stakes. On their arrival they were obliged to set the stakes at the edge of the water, and secure them so strongly that they should stand against three tides. Meanwhile the officer of Eskdale-side called, "Out on you, Out on you, Out on you."

244. *Edelfleda*. "She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence."—SCOTT.

251. "These two miracles are much insisted on by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes, which infested the precincts of the convent, and were at the abbess's prayer not only beheaded but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists, *Ammonites*."

"The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: 'It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts :

a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is betwixt wolves and scylla-roots: for that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident, that everybody grants it.' Mr. Charlton, in his *History of Whitby*, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whitby; and from the woodcocks, and other birds of passage, who do the same upon their arrival on shore, after a long flight."—SCOTT.

256. *His body's resting-place.* "St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unrea-sonable saints in the Calendar. He died A. D. 686, in a hermit-age upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 763, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland, with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The Saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-Street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said that the Northumbrian Catho-

lies still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulture, which is only intrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depository of so valuable a secret."—SCOTT.

"The resting-place of the remains of this Saint is not now matter of uncertainty. So recently as 17th May, 1827, 1139 years after his death, their discovery and disinterment were effected. Under a blue stone, in the middle of the shrine of St. Cuthbert, at the eastern extremity of the choir of Durham Cathedral, there was then found a walled grave, containing the coffins of the Saint. The first, or outer one, was ascertained to be that of 1541, the second of 1041; the third, or inner one, answering in every particular to the description of that of 698, was found to contain, not indeed, as had been averred then, and even until 1539, the incorruptible body, but the entire skeleton of the Saint; the bottom of the grave being perfectly dry, free from offensive smell, and without the slightest symptom that a human body had ever undergone decomposition within its walls. The skeleton was found swathed in five silk robes of emblematical embroidery, the ornamental parts laid with gold leaf and these again covered with a robe of linen. Beside the skeleton were also deposited several gold and silver *insignia*, and other relics of the Saint."—LOCKHART.

263. *Melrose*. Melrose Abbey, described in Canto II. of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

280. *Durham's Gothic shade*. Durham Cathedral at Durham on the Wear is a splendid example of English Gothic architecture.

287. *Even Scotland's dauntless king*. "Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cuton-moor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See Chalmers's *Caledonia*, vol. i., p. 622; a most laborious, curious, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scottish antiquary."—SCOTT.

289. *Galwegians*, men of Galloway, a district in the extreme southwest of Scotland.

290. *Lodon*, or Lothian, the district south of the Firth of Forth which includes Edinburgh.

291. *Teviotdale*, the vale of the Teviot, which flows just north of the Cheviot Hills.

293. '*Twas he*, etc. "Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find in Simeon of Durham, that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marches of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies; a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the battle of Ashendown, rewarded, by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1096, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the North; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance,) and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees."—SCOTT.

296. *Bowyer*, bowman.

300. *Saint Cuthbert sits*. "Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the Saint's legend contains some not more probable."—SCOTT.

316. *Old Colwulf*. "Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the Venerable Bede dedicates to him his *Ecclesiastical History*. He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odor of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance-vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid anti-

quary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

“These penitential vaults were the *Geissel-gewölbe* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment.”—SCOTT.

324. *Sexhelm*, a Saxon bishop of the tenth century.

346. *Wore*, for worn. See I., 360.

350. *Cresset*, “antique chandelier.”—SCOTT.

371. *Tynemouth's haughty prioress*. “That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high, rocky point ; and doubtless many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners, who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery ; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin. But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII., is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment ; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex ; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.”—SCOTT.

376. *Ruth*, pity.

378. *Style*, title.

388. *Doublet breast*, the breast of her doublet or under-coat.

398. *Fontevraud*, a village in France, on the Loire, where there was a very rich abbey. The buildings are now used as a prison.

408. *But*, except.

438. *Grisly*, horrible.

450. *Chose*. See 346.

452. *Envy* is used in its older and stronger meaning of malice. “For envy they had delivered him.”—*Matthew* xxvii. 18.

458. *Still, ever.*

468. *Alice within the tomb.* "It is well known, that the religious who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, VADE IN PACEM, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun."—SCOTT.

"The Edinburgh Reviewer, on st. xxxii. *post*, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is *vade in pacem*—not *part in peace*, but *go into peace*, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world."—LOCKHART.

520. *Plight*, the past participle of "plight," promise. Many editions read *fate* for *faith*. If this be correct plight must be interpreted as folded, or twined, the modern pleat.

523. *Mortal*, deadly. The wager of battle was the most solemn form of trial known to the Middle Ages. Each combatant, accuser and accused, was first obliged to take oath as to the justice of his cause. This solemnity in itself would go far toward unnerving the guilty man. Whichever of the two was worsted was obliged to undergo the punishment of the offence in question. Thus if Marmion had been overthrown by De Wilton he might have suffered the penalty for treason. The defeated knight was degraded; his spurs were broken off, his sword shattered, his horse's tail cut off. If he lived, he was an outcast; if he died, his body was dishonored.

526. *In the rest.* See note on I., 222.

530. *Block*, the place of beheading, to which De Wilton might as a traitor have been sent. The combination of figurative and literal statement, "Marmion to the sky, De Wilton to the block," is awkward, even for Scott. Some editors point thus :

Shout, "Marmion, Marmion!" to the sky,
"De Wilton to the block!"

537. *How true he fell*, an elliptical expression for, How true he was who fell.

569. *Living tomb*, tomb for the living, a case in which the

adjective takes the place of a phrase. Shakspeare offers a multitude of examples of similar use. *Cf.* "This eternal blazon must not be to ears of flesh and blood," for "this blazon of eternal things."—*Hamlet*, i., v.

575. *Behind, a darker hour ascends.* This is a prophecy of the ruin that overtook the church in England more than twenty years later, when Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries.

576. *Crosier*, the staff of an ecclesiastic. The word comes from the Low Latin *crocea*, which is the same in root as the English crook. The crosier proper was in the form of a shepherd's crook.

587. *Wont* is now used only as a participle. Scott seems to recognize the verb "to wont," to be accustomed, a derivation of the Old English "wone," to dwell.

588. *Stared*, stiffened.

598. *Doom*, judgment.

620. *Passing bell.* The passing bell was rung when the soul was passing from its body, in the belief that the noise would frighten away the demons waiting to seize on the freed spirit.

621. *Parting*, departing.

624. *Warkworth*, twenty miles or more to the south of Holy Island.

629. *Cheviot Fell*, the highest point in the Cheviots, about twenty miles west of Holy Island.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO III.

"*William Erskine, Esq.*, advocate, Sheriff-depute of the Orkneys, became a Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Kinnedder, and died at Edinburgh in August, 1822. He had been from early youth the most intimate of the Poet's friends, and his chief confidant and adviser as to all literary matters."—LOCKHART.

35. *Those masters*, the classics.

46. *Brunswick's.* The Duke of Brunswick was in command of the Prussian army at Jena, October 14, 1806, where he was mortally wounded. Brunswick was a commander of the old-fashioned type. He was born in 1735, and his military experience covered half a century. He had been one of Frederick's officers, and in 1792 he had led the Prussian army against the

French Republic. His daughter was Queen Caroline, wife of George the Fourth of England. At the time when *Marmion* was published George was Prince of Wales, and a Whig. He had quarrelled with his wife, who had the support and friendship of the Tories. Scott's unstinted praise of Brunswick seems to have had thus a political significance. *Hearse*. See note on Introduction to Canto I., 199.

49. *That glorious time*, the Seven Years' War, 1756-63; in which Frederick the Second of Prussia, with some assistance from England, crushed a coalition composed of Russia, Austria, France, Saxony, and Sweden.

54. *Brandenburg*. The royal house of Prussia originally held the Electorate of Brandenburg. Frederick III., Elector of Brandenburg, became King of Prussia in 1701.

59. *And crush that dragon in its birth*. Brunswick led the Prussian and Austrian armies toward Paris in 1792, but was checked at Valmy, and hence failed to crush the "dragon," the French Republic.

64. *And snatch'd the spear*, etc. The Prussians refused to join the coalition of 1805 against France, preferring to trust the friendship of Napoleon. In 1806, after Napoleon had entirely crushed the coalition, Prussia, single-handed, attacked France.

65. *Valour and skill*, etc. The campaign was characterized on the part of the Prussians by rashness and stupidity.

67. *Seem'd*, befitted.

69. *Princedom's reft*, etc. At the treaty of Tilsitt, in 1807, Napoleon made Prussia's share of Poland into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which he gave to Saxony. The dominions of the Elector of Hesse, those of the Duke of Brunswick, and all of Prussia, west of the Elbe, were combined into the Kingdom of Westphalia, of which Napoleon's brother Jerome was made king.

78. *Arminius*. The German leader Herman defeated the legions of Augustus under Varus, in A.D. 9, and prevented the Roman Empire from extending over Germany.

81. *Red-Cross hero*. Sir Sidney Smith, the English Admiral, became a member of the Order of the Knights Templar in 1799. He was at that time given a red cross of the order, which, according to tradition, had belonged to Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

82. *Dauntless in dungeon*, etc. Smith commanded several expeditions against the French coast, on one of which he was

captured, and imprisoned in the Temple at Paris for two years before he escaped.

86. *Shatter'd walls*. These are the walls of Acre, which Smith, with a few British sailors and the Turkish garrison, held for two months against Napoleon, when the latter was carrying his Egyptian campaign into Syria. Napoleon was finally forced to fall back, and "miss his destiny" as conqueror of the East.

91. *Stubborn Russ*, etc. Smith was once in the Swedish service against Russia. *Metal'd*. See note on Introduction to Canto I., 308.

92. *Warp'd*, ruffled, or perhaps frozen. *Cf. As You Like It*, ii., vii., "Though thou the waters warp."

94. *The father of the fight*, Sir Ralph Abercromby, under whom Smith served at the battle of Aboukir in 1801. He was victorious, but mortally wounded.

101. *Silver Avon's*. Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon.

103. *Bold Enchantress*. Joanna Baillie was born in Lanarkshire in 1762. She had published by 1808 several volumes of poems and plays. In her dramas she undertook to deal with the various passions of men, treating each one in a tragedy and in a comedy.

106. *Kindred measure*, a measure akin to Shakspeare's. Miss Baillie's dramas "have neither passion, interest, nor character."

108. *Montfort* and *Basil*, characters in two of Miss Baillie's dramas.

130. *Batavia*, the capital of the Dutch East Indies, built, with its "whitened walls" and canals, to resemble the cities of Holland.

139. *Plaid*, the bright-colored woollen cloth worn by the Highlanders.

149. *Lochaber*, a wild district north of the Grampian Hills.

150. *Devon's meads*. Devon is a very fertile county in the southwestern part of England.

151. *Ben Nevis*, one of the mountains of Lochaber. *Garry's lake*, a small lake in Inverness.

152. *Ape*, imitate, with no suggestion of unpleasant meaning. See Introduction to Canto II., 86.

159. For the influence of scenery on Scott's development, see Introduction.

178. *Shatter'd tower*. "Smailholm tower, in Berwickshire, the scene of the author's infancy, is situated about two miles from Dryburgh Abbey."—LOCKHART.

180. *Aged hind*, "Auld Sandy Ormiston," the cow-herd on Scott's grandfather's farm at Sandy-Knowe.

183. *Strength*, strong place. *Cf.* "God is our refuge and our strength."

194. *Sleights*, stratagems.

197. *Wight*. See note on Introduction to Canto II., 113. *Bruce*, Robert Bruce, who defeated the English at Bannockburn.

201. *Scarlet ranks*, the English troops. The Highlanders, under Dundee, won the battle of Killiecrankie, in 1689, by a headlong charge. See Macaulay's spirited description in his *History of England*, chapter xiii.

211. *Grey-hair'd Sire*, "Robert Scott of Sandy-Knowe, the grandfather of the poet."—LOCKHART.

216. *Doom*. See note on II., 598. "Upon revising the Poem, it seems proper to mention that the lines,

" Whose doom discording neighbours sought
Content with equity unbought : "

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's beautiful epistle to John Driden of Chesterton."—SCOTT.

218. *Venerable Priest*. "The reverend gentleman alluded to was Mr. John Martin, minister of Mertoun, in which parish Smailholm Tower is situated."—LOCKHART.

223. *Timeless*, unseasonable.

225. *Imp*. See note on Introduction to Canto I., 37. *Grandame's child*, spoiled child.

CANTO III.

6. *Merse*. The Merse, or March, was the southern part of Berwickshire, on the English Border.

16. *Wan*, a Scotch form for won.

17. *Ptarmigan*, a bird of the grouse family, brown in summer but turning white in winter. *Cf.* *The Lady of the Lake*, II., xxv.,

" his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy."

19. *Lammermoor*. The Lammermoor Hills lie between the Tweed and Haddington.

22. *Old Gifford*. "The village of Gifford lies about four miles from Haddington; close to it is Yester House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a little further up the stream, which descends from the hills of Lammermoor, are the remains of the old castle of the family."—LOCKHART.

31. *Bush and flagon*. These were the ordinary signs of an inn, or wine-house. The use of the bush arose from the fact that the ivy was sacred to Bacchus.

33. *The village inn*. "The accommodations of a Scottish hostelrie, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of *The Friars of Berwick*. Simon Lawder, 'the gay ostlier,' seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bourdeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the Legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostellaries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge anywhere except in these hostellaries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality. But in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals."—SCOTT.

47. *Cheer* is here used in its acquired sense for that which gives rise to joyful feeling and expression. See notes on Introduction to Canto IV., 128, and on V., 56.

48. *Solands*. The solan-goose is found in great numbers along the coast of Scotland.

49. *Gammons*, hams, dried and salted.

78. *Buxom*, from the Anglo-Saxon *bocsum*, connected with the verb "to bow." The word means flexible, pliant, and thus easy in disposition, jolly.

79. *Zembla's*. Nova Zembla is the name of a chain of islands north of Russia.

106. *As*. See note on I., 447.

114. *So please you*, an expression of respectful deprecation.

120. *Saint Valentine*, a Christian martyr who died in A.D.

270. The allusion here is to the belief that the birds choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day.

122. *Love-lorn*, an allusion to the story of Philomela, who was changed into a nightingale.

127. *Lindisfarne*. See note on II., 10.

143. *Susquehanna*, a river flowing through Pennsylvania into Chesapeake Bay. Many of the Scotch Highlanders were even thus early in the century leaving Scotland for America. The gradual giving up of farming industries and the devotion of large tracts of country to sheep-raising threw numbers out of employment and made emigration a necessity.

188. *Plain'd*, sounded plaintive or sad. The root is the same as in "complained."

217. *The death of a dear friend*. "Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the 'dead-bell,' explained by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ear which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the *Mountain Bard*, p. 26."—SCOTT.

234. *Vail*, lower. Cf. "Vailing her high top lower than her ribs."—*Merchant of Venice*, i., i.

243. *Practised*. See on II., 124.

281. *Mantles*, covers as by a mantle. Cf. "Visages do cream and mantle."—*Merchant of Venice*, i., i.

298. *Sovereign's mandate*, the mission which he was to fulfil.

307. *Loch Vennachar*, a lake in Perthshire.

324. *Clerk*, scholar, as Chaucer's "clerk of Oxenford."

325. *Alexander*, King of Scotland from 1249 to 1285.

331. *Power*, magic.

333. *Goblin-Hall*. "A vaulted hall under the ancient Castle of Gifford, or Yester, (for it bears either name indifferently,) the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. . . . Sir David Dalrymple, in his *Annals*, relates that 'Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country Bo-Hall, *i.e.*, Hobgoblin Hall.'"—SCOTT.

335. *Gave you*, permitted.

354. *Haco*. "In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Frith of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2d October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many

barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns.”—SCOTT.

358. *Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.* Bute and Arran are islands in the Firth of Clyde. Cunninghame and Kyle are divisions of Ayrshire on the mainland.

362. *Wizard habit.* “ ‘Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furred with fox-skins, under which they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger-fashion; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard.’—See these, and many other particulars, in the Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to Reginald Scot’s *Discovery of Witchcraft*, edition of 1665.”—SCOTT.

367. *Pharaoh’s Magi*, the wise men of Egypt who coped with Moses.

369. *Pentacle.* “ ‘A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he invokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic.’—See the Discourse, etc., above mentioned.”—SCOTT.

370. *Zone, belt.* *Virgin parchment*, parchment made from the skins of new-born lambs or kids.

373. *Combust*, an astrological term indicating that the planet was so near the sun that it could not be distinguished. *Retrograde*, used of planets when apparently moving from east to west. *Trine.* Planets are said to be trine when they are 120° apart in the zodiac.

382. *Grisly.* See on II., 438, above.

395. *Racking*, broken by flying before the wind.

407. *Blessed night.* “ ‘It is a popular article of faith that those who are born on Christmas or Good Friday have the power of seeing spirits and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.’—SCOTT.

408. *Yawning graves*, etc. See *Matthew xxvii.* 50–53.

412. *Gramercy.* See note on I., 421.

415. *The gift, etc.* The story was untrue, as Richard Cœur-de-Lion died in 1199.

416. *Soothly, truly.* *Tide what tide, happen what may.*

417. *Buffet bide, take a blow.*

420. *The blood of Malcolm.* Alexander was a descendant of Malcolm, the son of Duncan, who won Scotland from Macbeth.

428. *Couch.* See note on I., 222.

429. *To speed.* May Saint George speed or prosper you.

438. *Pictish race, the oldest inhabitants of Scotland known to history.*

444. *Wight, here merely person, man.*

447. *Full career, knights in full charge.*

453. *England's King.* "Edward I., surnamed Longshanks."—SCOTT. Edward I. was at the time mentioned taking part in the eighth crusade, in which he captured Nazareth. While he was away, his father, Henry III., died, in 1272, so that he became in title King of England, though he was not crowned until his return.

457. *Leopards.* The arms of England were three leopards.

461. *Fell, cruel.* Edward's massacre of eight thousand burghers of Berwick justifies the epithet.

472. *Largs.* See note on 354. This battle was fought nine years before Edward was King of England.

479. *Grim ravens.* The ravens, according to northern mythology, were the sacred birds of Odin. They were represented on the Norse banners.

483. *Northern war.* In 1801 the English fleet, under Nelson, defeated the Danish fleet off Copenhagen. Again, in 1807, when Scott was at work on *Marmion*, the English Cabinet sent an expedition to take possession of the Danish fleet. The Danes refused to surrender, whereupon the English bombarded Copenhagen, set it on fire, and took the Danish vessels in triumph to England. The reference is more particularly to the second event.

497. *Start.* The slight wound was occasioned by Alexander's momentary failure of heart (line 462).

498. *Dunfermline's nave.* Dunfermline Abbey was an old burial-place of Scottish kings. The nave is the body of a church, so called from its resemblance to the hull of a ship (Latin, *navis*).

506. *Have foully sped, have fared ill.* See notes on 429 above and on VI., 867.

508. *Wallace wight*. See Introduction to Canto II., 113. *Gilbert Hay*, the Constable of Scotland under Robert Bruce.

510. *Quaighs*. "A wooden cup composed of staves hooped together."—SCOTT.

551. *Darkling*, in the dark. Cf. the Fool's speech in *King Lear*, i., iv. "So out went the candle, and we were left darkling."

592. *Prick'd*. See note on I., 309.

597. *Yode*. "Used by old poets for *went*."—SCOTT.

599. *Selle*, saddle.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO IV.

"*James Skene*, Esq., of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was Cornet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers, and Sir Walter Scott was Quartermaster of the same corps."—LOCKHART. Skene and Scott had both taken prominent parts in raising this troop. Skene was a frequent visitor at Ashestiel.

2. The line, "Where is the life that late I led," occurs in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv., i., and in *Henry IV.*, Second Part, v., iii. It is quoted both times as from an old song, so that the "ancient minstrel" must be some predecessor of Shakspeare.

3. *Motley clown*, a clown clothed in motley or variegated colors.

4. *Jacques*. Cf. *As You Like It*, ii., vii.

10. *Voluntary brand*, sword of the volunteers.

37. *Blackhouse heights*. Blackhouse was the farm of William Laidlaw, an intimate friend of Scott. *Ettrick Pen*, a hill in Selkirkshire.

42. *Rack*, flying or broken cloud. See note on III., 395.

45. *Thou with pencil*. "Various illustrations of the poetry and novels of Sir Walter Scott, from designs by Mr. Skene, have since been published."—LOCKHART.

52. *Angle*, fish-hook.

91. "I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel."—SCOTT.

101. *Kirn*. "The Scottish Harvest-home."—SCOTT.

104. *Oaten reed*. A conventional expression for the pastoral pipe. Oaten, if taken literally, indicates that the pipe was of coarse straw. Cf. Milton's *Comus*, 345. "Sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops."

105. *Arcadia's golden creed*. Arcadia was originally the mountainous district in the interior of the Peloponnesus. From the secluded and happy life of the people there the adjective Arcadian was applied to the golden age generally, and to the poetic side of pastoral life.

112. *The ancient Chief of Troy*. Priam, king of Troy, was the father of Paris, whose elopement with Helen brought the Greeks upon the city.

125. *Cypress*, in token of mourning; *myrtle*, a sign of happiness.

128. *Joyous cheer*. Cheer, from the Latin *cara*, originally meant countenance or expression, and hence needed the adjective before it. See notes on V., 56, and on III., 47.

132. *Forbes*. A dissyllable. "Sir William Forbes of Pitligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His *Life of Beattie*, whom he befriended and patronized in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters."—SCOTT.

133. *Tribute to his Minstrel's shade*. The *Life of Beattie*, referred to above. Beattie was one of the feebler spirits of the eighteenth century, stirred to song by the romanticism of the age. "His original poetical power," says Mr. Saintsbury, "was almost *nil*." His chief poem, *The Minstrel*, was, however, extremely popular for a time.

145. *Attributed*, accented on the first syllable.

147. *Psalms* lxxviii. 5.

151. *Proverbs* xxvii. 10.

172. *Tirante*, the hero of a Spanish romance bearing his name. *Yclep'd*, called, from the Anglo-Saxon verb *clepan*.

174. *Camp*. "A favorite dog of the poet's, a bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity. He is introduced in Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, now at Dalkeith Palace."—LOCKHART.

177. *Laverock*, lark.

181. *Ariel*, the spirit in the service of Prospero in *The Tempest*.

191. *He*, etc. "Colin Mackenzie, Esq., of Portmore."—LOCKHART. He was a son-in-law of Sir William Forbes.

194. *Rae*. "Sir William Rae of St. Catharine's, Bart., subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged; and he, the Poet, Mr. Skene, Mr. Mackenzie, and a few other friends, had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family supper tables in rotation."—LOCKHART.

195. "The gentleman whose name the Poet might not say, will now, it is presumed, pardon its introduction. The late Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart., son of the author of the *Life of Beattie*, was another member of this volunteer corps and club."—LOCKHART.

196. *Mimosa*, the sensitive plant.

202. *Buxom*, cheerful, lively. See note on III., 78.

206. *Mad Tom's*. The disguised Edgar in *King Lear* declare that he "hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear."—*King Lear*, iii., iv.

CANTO IV.

13. *Becket*, Thomas à Becket, Saint Thomas of Canterbury. See note on I., 409.

31. *Friar Rush*. "This personage is a strolling demon or *esprit follet*, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack o' Lantern. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,—

"She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by *Friar's lantern* led."

"*The History of Friar Rush* is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*. I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford."—SCOTT.

Friar Rush is a spirit which haunts houses. Will o' the

Wisp is the light that hovers over marshes to mislead travellers. Scott confuses them in the text and in his note.

47. *Cast*, cast up, calculated.

53. *English cross*. The cross was the emblem used for conjuring away devils.

59. *Gramercy*. See note on I., 421.

69. *Humbie and Saltoun*, villages in southwestern Haddington.

91. *Caxton, or de Worde*. William Caxton was the first English printer; Wynken de Worde was his successor.

99. *Point of war*, signal for combat.

110. *Trumpets*, trumpeters.

116. *Heralds and pursuivants*. See note on I., 151.

119. *Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure*, red, silver, gold, and blue.

121. *Truncheon*, a short staff. One of the duties of the king-at-arms was to hold the truncheon at a tournament. When he threw it down the combat ceased.

130. *Satiric rage*. See note on IV., 153.

133. *The keys of Rome*, the keys of Saint Peter, which symbolized the authority of the popes.

135. *Cap of maintenance*, a cap of state, of scarlet velvet trimmed with ermine.

141. *The double tressure*. This is the double border about the edge of the shield which contains the coat of arms.

142. *Achaius*, a king of Scotland at the time of Charlemagne, and the author, according to tradition, of the league with France. See note on IV., 578.

143. *The thistle*, the emblem of Scotland. Achaius was the reputed founder of the Order of the Thistle. *The fleur-de-lis*, the lily flower, was the emblem of France. The *fleur-de-lis* appeared on the Scottish arms twined into the tressure. Achaius (as the story goes) adopted it to commemorate his alliance with France. As a matter of fact the Scottish arms are of later date than the time of Achaius. See note on IV., 578.

144. *Unicorn*, a mythical animal having the head of a horse with a single horn in its forehead. The unicorns appeared as supporters of the arms of Scotland. One of them has been retained with the English lion as supporter of the British arms.

153. *Sir David Lindesay*. Lindesay was born about 1490. In 1530 he was made Lion King-at-arms. He died in 1558. He wrote several long allegories in verse, which satirized the

morals of the time, and were in particular directed against the Church. Lindsay was the friend of John Knox, and did much to bring forward the cause of the Reformation in Scotland. *Of the Mount.* The name of Lindsay's estate.

154. *Lord Lion King-at-arms.* "I am uncertain if I abuse poetical license, by introducing Sir David Lindsay in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of *Flodden Field* despatches *Dallamount*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mount, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms, to receive foreign ambassadors; and Lindsay himself did this honour to Sir Ralph Sadler, in 1539-40. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

"The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindsay, inaugurated in 1592, 'was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish Kings assumed a close crown;' and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the King's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by Parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-arms, when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation."—SCOTT.

159. See note on IV., 154.

187. *Enow.* See note on I., 303.

192. *Tyne*, the Scottish Tyne, a river flowing into the Firth of Forth south of Edinburgh. The company turned toward the left, and travelled along the Tyne westward, or against the stream.

194. *Crichtown Castle.* "A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about seven miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times and with a very differing regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it that there is now a large court-

yard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruins shows the contrary. In 1483 it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the monarch having dishonoured his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earl Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callander, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve those splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the *Massy More*. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It occurs twice in the *Epistolæ Itinerariæ* of Tollius: '*Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant, Mazmorra*' (p. 147); and again, '*Coguntur omnes Captivi sub noctem in ergastula subterranea, quæ Turcæ Algezani vocant Mazmorras*' (p. 243). The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived."—SCOTT.

208. *Douglas bands*. See preceding note.

211. *Totter'd*. This word may be used in the sense of tottering, wavering, threatening to fall; or, as occasionally in Shakspeare, for tattered. Cf. "the castle's tottered battlements," in *Richard II.*, iii., ii.

215. *Scutcheons of honour*, arms bestowed for some special deed of valor. *Scutcheons of pretence*, arms which a man bore by virtue of his wife's rights if she were an heiress. They were carried on a small shield in the centre of his own coat of arms.

231. *Whilom*, formerly.

232. *Massy More*. See note on IV., 194.

248. *Earl Adam Hepburn*. "He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day :—

"Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
And stepping forth, with stomach good,
Into the enemies' throng he thraст;
And *Bothwell! Bothwell!* cried bold,
To cause his souldiers to ensue,
But there he caught a wellcome cold.
The Englishmen straight down him threw.
Thus Haburn through his hardy heart
His fatal fine in conflict found.' etc.

Flodden Field, a Poem; edited by H. Weber. Edin., 1808.—SCOTT.

252. *Dean*, valley.

254. *Bothwell*. "Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary."—SCOTT.

260. *Borough-moor*. See note on IV., 521.

282. Scott quotes the story as told in Pitscottie's *Chronicle*, which is the same in its main details as the version given in the poem. He adds: "The whole story is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle or an imposture. Mr. Pinkerton plausibly argues, from the caution against incontinence, that the Queen was privy to the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient, to deter King James from his impolitic war."

287. *Linlithgow*. "The situation of Linlithgow Palace is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake. The form is that of a square court, composed of buildings of four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented, and the size of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the staircases, are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet-room is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet high, with a gallery for music. The king's wardrobe, or dressing-room, looking to the west, projects over the walls, so as to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of

the most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen.”—SCOTT’S *Provincial Antiquities*.

291. *Bells*. “I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of bellow. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of listening to the hart’s *bell*.”—SCOTT.

298. *June saw his father’s overthrow*. “The rebellion against James III. was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son’s presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he had ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse, as it started at a woman and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488.”—SCOTT.

302. *Offices*, religious services.

312. *Katharine’s aisle*. King James built the aisle of St. Michael’s Church, and dedicated it to Saint Katharine of Siena. In it he placed a throne for himself and twelve stalls for the Knight-Companions of the Thistle.

316. See preceding note. The Order of the Thistle was one of the chief distinctions bestowed on Scottish noblemen.

346. *My mother*, the Virgin Mary. See *John* xix. 26.

357. *Cast*. See note on IV., 47.

367. *Suspended pause*, pause of suspension.

420. *Couch*. See note on I., 222.

461. *Brian Bulmer*. Scott gives this story in a note. Bulmer was wounded in an encounter with a Scotch knight, who promised to cure him if he would promise never to think of God, of the Virgin, or of the Saints. The wounded man promised and was healed, but on his exclaiming “Jesus,” the spectre vanished.

462. *Train’d*, drew, enticed.

467. *Rothiemurcus glade*, a forest in Inverness-shire.

469. *Tomantoul*, a village in Banffshire. *Auchnaslaid*, a village in Inverness-shire.

470. *Dromouchty*, a pass in the Highlands. *Glenmore*, a forest in the North Highlands.

487. *Bowne*, prepare. See note on I., 504.

490. *Dun-Edin*, the hill or hill-fort of Edwin. Edwin of Northumbria built the original fort at Edinburgh, and the old Celtic name is still used poetically for the city.

497. *Hills of Braid*, a range of hills south of Edinburgh.

502. *Whin*, furze.

508. *Saint Giles*, a church in Edinburgh, founded in the ninth century, and rebuilt five hundred years later. It is noted as being the scene of John Knox's sermons, and also as the place where the oath of the Solemn League and Covenant was taken. It was there, also, that Jenny Geddis hurled her stool at the Dean who was trying to introduce the English service by order of Charles I.

519. *Bent*. See note on Introduction to Canto II., 133.

521. *Borough-moor*. "The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber; which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, 'a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks.' Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burntsfield Links. The Hare Stane probably derives its name from the British word *Har*, signifying an army."—SCOTT.

535. *Hebudes*, Hebrides, the islands west of Scotland.

536. *Lodon*, Lothian. See note on II., 290.

537. *Redswire*, one of the Cheviot hills.

538. *Rosse's*. The county of Ross is north of Inverness-shire.

557. *Borthwick's Sisters Seven*. "Seven culverins, so called, cast by one Borthwick."—SCOTT.

558. *Culverins*, etc. James was particularly strong in artillery, and had he remained on the defensive in his original

position at Flodden he might have used his strength to advantage.

566. *Scroll*, a banner bearing a motto. *Pensil*, a small pennon. *Bandrol*, a small banner. "Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them."—SCOTT.

578. *Lion ramp'd in gold*. "The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double tressure round the shield [mentioned in line 141], *coûter fleur-de-lysed, or lingued and armed azure*, was first assumed by Achaius, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Achy, little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the northeastern coast of Scotland."—SCOTT.

Ramp'd, rampant.

616. *Deep and massy*, etc. The adjectives refer to the houses of the town as seen from a distance.

619. *Ochil mountains*, a range of mountains north of Edinburgh, visible across the Firth of Forth.

623. *Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law* (hill) are east of Edinburgh.

624. *Between them*. The Firth lies between Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law, and the shores of Fife.

632. *Demi-volte*, a half turn which the horse made on his hind legs, his forefeet being in air.

640. *Sackbut*, an instrument resembling both the trumpet and the trombone. *Psaltery*, a stringed instrument.

646. *Prime*, the second division of the canonical day, beginning at six in the morning.

650. *Saint Katharine's of Sienne*. See note on 312.

651. *Saint Rocque*, a French saint to whom a chapel was built near Stirling.

655. *Falkland-woods*, the royal hunting-ground of the Scottish kings, situated north of the Firth of Forth in Fifeshire.

672. *Leaguer'd*, beleaguered, encamped about.

679. *Stowre*, storm; and hence battle. Cf. "But to avoyde th' intollerable stowre."—*The Faerie Queene*, iii., ix., 13.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO V.

George Ellis was an antiquarian and man of letters of some note. He edited *Specimens of Ancient English Romances*, and co-operated with Frere and Canning in *The Anti-Jacobin*, a famous Tory satire. He died on April 10, 1815.

23. *Darkling*. See note on III., 551.

28. *City home*. Scott was a Clerk of Session, and so was obliged to spend part of the year in Edinburgh.

35. *Newark*. See note on Introduction to Canto II., 32.

36. *Ettrick*. See note on Introduction to Canto II., 2.

37. *Caledonia's Queen*. "The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the 'Queen of the North' has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction."—SCOTT.

51. *Wicket*, a small door let into the large studded gate for the accommodation of those who arrived after nightfall.

58. *For*, instead of. *Umber'd lower*, shadowed frown. "Umbered" is from the Latin *umbra*, a shadow. "Lower" is the regular word for frown as both noun and verb. Cf. "Why at our justice seemest thou then to lower."—*Richard II.*, i., iii.

62. *The Championess*, Britomarte, the heroine of the third book of *The Faerie Queene*. She represents chastity.

64. *Charmed spear*, a lance that overthrew every knight whom it touched.

67. *Malbecco*, a miser, who from jealousy of his wife Hellenore refused to admit Britomarte and her companions when they desired to take refuge from the storm in his castle. After he had yielded to threats and had admitted the knights, Britomarte took off her armor and revealed her beauty. See *The Faerie Queene*, Book iii., Canto ix.

72. *Aventayle*, the movable front of the helmet.

78. "'For every one her liked and every one her loved.' *Spenser*."—SCOTT.

81. *Squire of Dames*, the assumed title of one of Britomarte's companions, whose mistress was Columbella.

84. *Satyrane* and *Paridell* were two knights who, like Britomarte, were compelled to take refuge in Malbecco's castle.

90. *Battled*. See note on I., 4.

100. *Voluntary line*, the volunteers, in organizing whom Scott took an active part.

106. *Knosp*, an architectural ornament, like a bud in form.

118. *Henry meek*. "Henry VI., with his Queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland, after the fatal battle of Towton."—SCOTT.

120. *Great Bourbon's relics*. The Count d'Artois, brother of Louis XVI., exiled from France by the Revolution, lived in Holyrood Palace from 1796 to 1799. This is the occasion referred to in the text. The Count became Charles X. of France, and, after being deposed by the Revolution of 1830, he returned again to Holyrood.

139. *Whilere*, formerly.

140. *Royal Henry*, Henry I. "Mr. Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the *Specimens of Romance*, has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravaillere, Tressan, but especially the Abbé de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman Kings, rather than those of the French monarchs, produced the birth of Romance literature. Marie, soon after mentioned, compiled from Armorican originals, and translated into Norman-French, or Romance language, the twelve curious Lays of which Mr. Ellis has given us a *précis* in the Appendix to his Introduction. The story of Blondel, the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I., needs no commentary."—SCOTT.

146. *Marie*. Marie de France, referred to in the note preceding, lived for some time in England during the reign of Henry III.

147. *O! born Time's ravage to repair*. Ellis had restored poems almost lost sight of in the lapse of time.

180. *Windsor's oaks*, etc. "At Sunning-hill, Mr. Ellis's seat, near Windsor, part of the first two cantos of *Marmion* were written."—LOCKHART.

CANTO V.

18. *Cloth-yard arrows*. "This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus,

at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII. and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, 'whose arrows,' says Hollinshed, 'were in length a full cloth-yard.' The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts."—SCOTT.

24. *Mail and plate.* Armor was made either of fine chains twisted closely together, or of plates riveted at the edges.

32. *The croupe to gain,* to jump upon the back of a horse behind the rider in the saddle.

33. *Curvett,* a movement of the horse by which he rears, and then, throwing out his hind legs, lets his weight descend forward, in time with the blow of his rider's sword.

36. *Hardy burghers.* "The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100 : their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats, i. e.,* bright steel caps, without crest or vizor. By an act of James IV., their *weapon-schawings* are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or bailiffs."—SCOTT.

41. *Brigantines,* coats, quilted, and protected by iron rings or plates. *Gorget,* armor for the collar.

45. *Mace,* a heavy club set with spikes.

47. *On foot,* etc. "Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes ; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. The defensive armour was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine ; and their missile weapons crossbows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten ; and a voluninous handkerchief round their neck, 'not for cold, but for cutting.' The mace also was much used in the Scottish army. The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

"Who manfully did meet their foes,
With leaden mauls, and lances long."

"When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot."—SCOTT.

48. *Jack*, jacket.

54. *Hagbut*, another name for arquebus. See note on Introduction to Canto II., 48.

56. *Cheer*, here in its original meaning of countenance or expression. See note on Introduction to IV., 128.

59. *Musing*, wondering.

73. *Slogan*, battle-cry.

75. *Pricker*, horseman. See note on Introduction to Canto I., 294.

96. *Eusedale glen*, or *Liddell's tide*. The Euse and the Liddell flow into the Esk. The Liddell is part of the boundary between England and Scotland.

100. *Maudlin*, a contraction of Magdalen. *Pied*, variegated.

101. *Kirtle*, skirt.

102. *Celtic race*, the Highlanders.

107. *Trews*. The horsemen among the Highlanders wore "trews" or trousers of tartan plaid.

147. *To wheel*, etc., to shape the bar into a horseshoe.

157. *Following*, "Feudal retainers."—SCOTT.

165. *Wines*. "In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1539-40, mentions, with complacency, 'the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red.'"—SCOTT.

168. *Weeds*. See note on Introduction to Canto I., 256.

172. *Wassel*. See note on I., 231.

213. *Piled*, having a pile or nap.

215. *Sheen*, bright.

219. *Thistle*. See note on IV., 316.

220. *Toledo right*, genuine Toledo, from the Spanish city, which was famous for the quality of its steel.

221. *Baldric*, belt.

244. *Cheer*. See note on V., 56.

245. *Lower*. See note on Introduction to Canto V., 58.

249. *In memory*, etc. "Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pitscottie founds his belief that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the Eng-

lish never had this token of the iron-belt to show to any Scotsman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gaiety, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself.”—SCOTT.

260. *O'er James's heart, etc.* “It has been already noticed (see note on I., 192) that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the King's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of *The Genealogy of the Heron Family* endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal: that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See Pinkerton's *History*, and the authorities he refers to, Vol. ii., p. 99. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr, of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband.”—SCOTT.

269. *For the fair Queen of France, etc.* “Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, showing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honour. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses.”—PITSCOTTIE, p. 110. A turquoise ring; probably this fatal gift is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.”—SCOTT.

278. *Vest, vesture, clothing.*

287. *Lithgow, Linlithgow.* See note on IV., 287.

302. *Wimple, scarf or veil.*

313. *Lochinvar.* “The ballad of Lochinvar is in a very

slight degree founded on a ballad called 'Katharine Janfarie,' which may be found in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.—SCOTT. The metre of the ballad is anapaestic, with an iambus usually at the beginning of the line. The same metre is used to produce a galloping swiftness in Browning's *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*.

320. *Eske river*, a river in southwestern Scotland, flowing into Solway Firth.

332. *Solway*, Solway Firth, noted for its rapid tides.

344. *Galliard*, a lively dance.

351. *Croupe*. See note on V., 32.

353. *Scaur*, cliff.

355. *Græmes*, Grahams. A great Scottish family, whose possessions lay near the Border.

357. *Cannobie Lee*, a plain in Scotland just across the Border.

382. *Our Warden*. See note on V., 260.

398. *Archibald Bell-the-Cat*. "Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion:—James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains that he delighted more in music, and 'policies of building,' than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathise in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and, seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the mice, who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. 'I understand the moral,' said Angus, 'and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell the cat*.'"—SCOTT.

Scott continues the story in Pitscottie's words. Just at this time the Earl of Mar himself, with three hundred men, rode

up to the door of the church. The Earl of Angus received him there and tore the gold chain from his neck, saying a halter would become him better. Then the lords hanged Coch-rane from the bridge of Lauder.

400. *Hermitage in Liddisdale*, Hermitage Castle, on Hermitage river, in the southwestern part of Scotland.

402. *Bothwell's turrets*, Bothwell Castle, near Glasgow. James had forced Douglas to exchange Hermitage Castle for Bothwell. See note on VI., 341.

414. *Chafed his royal lord*. "Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, 'if he was afraid, he might go home.' The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons, George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden."—SCOTT.

418. *Lower*. See note on Introduction to Canto V., 58.

429. *Tantallon*. "The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The King went in person against it, and for its reduction borrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitscottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were 'Thrawn-mouth'd Meg and her Marrow;' also, 'two great botcards, and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons;' for the safe guiding and re-delivery of which, three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an

English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI."—SCOTT.

432. *He wears their motto on his blade.* "A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Godscroft as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem :—

"So mony guid as of ye Dovglas beinge,
Of ane surname was ne'er in Scotland seine.

I will ye charge, efter yat I depart,
To holy grawe, and thair bury my hart ;
Let it remane ever BOTHE TYME AND HOWE,
To ye last day I sie my Saviour.

I do protest in tyme of al my ringe,
Ye lyk subject had never ony keing.'

"This curious and valuable relic was nearly lost during the Civil War of 1745-6, being carried away from Douglas Castle by some of those in arms for Prince Charles. But great interest having been made by the Duke of Douglas among the chief partisans of the Stuart, it was at length restored. It resembles a Highland claymore, of the usual size, is of an excellent temper, and admirably poised."—SCOTT.

444. *Cochran.* See note on V., 398.

461. *More tender and more true.*

"O Dowglas, Dowglas,
Tendir and trew.'—*The Houlate.*"—SCOTT.

470. *Part.* See note on I., 20.

484. *Tamworth*, a town near the central part of England.

489. *Nottingham*, a county just north of the centre of England.

497. *Trent*, the last important stream that James would have to cross before reaching Tamworth.

501. "*A hall.*" "The ancient cry to make room for a dance or pageant."—SCOTT.

505. "*Blue Bonnets o'er the Border.*" An old Scottish song.

538. *Scroll*, any piece of writing.

552. *Was by*, was past.

569. *Bowne*. See notes on IV., 487, and I., 504.

585. *Despiteously*, the adverb, from *despite*; maliciously.

587. *Martin Swart*. "A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor.—There were songs about him long current in England."—SCOTT.

588. *Simnel*, the pretender to the throne of Henry VII. He claimed to be the Earl of Warwick, nephew of Edward IV., and tried to rally the Yorkist party to his support. He was captured and made a scullion in Henry's palace.

590. *Stokefield*, the battle in which Simnel's forces were defeated in 1489.

594. *Guelders*, a province in central Holland.

612. *Recreant*, originally, one who retracted his belief; then any cowardly and faithless person. It was applied particularly to a knight who had broken his vows.

627. *Edelfled*. See note on II., 244.

633. *Tame*. The Tame flows into the Trent just north of Tamworth.

661. *Clerk*. See note on III., 324.

662. *Quaint*, fine, neat.

665. *Scheme*, no longer used as a transitive verb, as here.

691. *Wolsey*. At this time Thomas Wolsey had not become the virtual ruler of England, but he was already the chief minister of Henry VIII.

704. *St. Withold*, St. Vitalis, the protector from nightmare.

709. *Dun-Edin's Cross*. "The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (*proh pudor!*), destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

“ From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament ; and its site marked by radii, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.”—SCOTT.

The Cross was restored by Mr. Gladstone in 1885.

717. *Malison*, curse.

731. *Shroud*, covering. The word may mean here the light with which the moon covers or enshrouds the earth, or the clouds which form a shroud for the moon itself.

735. *This awful summons came*. “ This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV.”—SCOTT.

756. *Forbes*, a dissyllable, as in Introduction to Canto IV., 132.

757. *Style*, title.

836. *North Berwick*, east of Edinburgh on the coast. *Law*, a hill just south of North Berwick.

838. *Venerable pile*. “ The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercian nuns near North Berwick, of which there are some remains. It was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216.”—SCOTT.

840. *Lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle*, islands off the coast.

861. *Wend*, the present tense of “ went,” for which we usually use “ go.”

899. *Candle, bell, and book*, three symbols used in the Roman Catholic ceremony of excommunication. The candles were extinguished, the bell tolled, and the book of offices closed when the sinner was finally cast out from the church.

900. *Cistercian*. The Cistercian Order was an offshoot of the Benedictine, founded at Citeaux, or Cistercium, in France, in 1098. The most famous representative of the order was Bernard of Clairvaux, from whom the French branch assumed the name Bernardine. See VI., 546.

914. *Drove the monks forth of Coventry*. “ This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero : ‘ *Homo bellicosus, ferocia, et astucia, fere nullo suo tempore impar.*’ This Baron, having expelled the Monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion’s horse fell, as he charged in the

van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers : the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury."—SCOTT.

926. *Judith*, the Israelite woman who slew Holofernes, the Assyrian. See the book of *Judith* in the Apocrypha.

928. *Jael, Deborah*. See *Judges* iv.

931. *Saint Anton' fire thee*. Saint Anthony's fire was a name given to erysipelas. It had previously been applied to an epidemic of the twelfth century, from which many persons were saved by virtue of prayers to the saint.

935. *Fond*, foolish.

947. *Inviolable dome*. Churches and religious houses had the right to protect from punishment criminals who took refuge in them.

1001. *Etall, and Wark, and Ford*, three border castles in Northumberland.

1017. *Millfield Plain*, the plain east of Flodden Hill.

1021. *Wooler*, a town southeast of Flodden, whence Surrey could command the routes by which James could advance.

1032. *'Bated*, diminished.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO VI.

Richard Heber was the half-brother of Reginald Heber, the hymn writer and Bishop of Calcutta. His interest in antiquarian research brought him into close friendship with Scott, whom he met at Edinburgh.

"Mertoun House, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, is beautifully situated on the Tweed, about two miles below Dryburgh Abbey."—LOCKHART. Scott was in the habit of spending Christmas here with the head of his clan.

7. *Iol, Yule*. "The Iol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones, and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the History of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the Court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable intrenchment, against those who continued the raillery. The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees, are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says, they danced with

such fury, holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for 'spoiling the king's fire.'"—SCOTT.

12. *Half-dress'd*, half-prepared or cooked.

17. *Scalds*, the Scandinavian minstrels.

23. *Odin's hall*, Valhalla, the home of the gods of the Norse mythology, of whom Odin was the chief. The allusion here is to the belief that warriors who fell in battle were carried to Valhalla to share in the eternal revels of the gods.

31. *The mass was sung*. "In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night except on Christmas eve."—SCOTT.

33. *Stoled*, wearing the stole or scarf. *Chalice*, the cup containing the wine symbolizing the blood of Christ.

34. *Sheen*, bright, shining, as in V., 215.

44. *Underogating*, without derogating or detracting from his dignity.

45. "*Post and pair*," a game of cards.

55. *No mark*. The mark which parted those of unequal rank at table was a salt-cellar. Hence the expression "to sit below the salt."

56. *Brawn*, boar's meat. *Lusty* is probably applied in the sense of making lusty or strong. See note on the Introduction to Canto I., 254.

64. *Wassel*. See note on I., 231.

69. *High tide*, high or celebrated time.

74. *Mumming*, acting; at first acting in dumb show, from which fact the word mum was used.

75. *Ancient mystery*. The mysteries were sacred dramas played to illustrate Christian doctrines. They were at first presented by the clergy, later by guilds or associations of craftsmen. Fragments of these mysteries survived as Christmas plays.

"It seems certain that the *Mummers* of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshares; and the *Guisards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland (*me ipso teste*), we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbours'

plum-cake was deposited. One played as a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes ; another was :—

“ ‘ Alexander, King of Macedon,
Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone.
When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,
To see a little nation so courageous and bold.’

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also, occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited.”—SCOTT.

78. *Dight*. See note on I., 88.

89. *Kindred title*, title or claim founded on kinship.

93. *Warmer*, etc. “ ‘ Blood is warmer than water,’ a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.”—SCOTT.

95. *Where my great grandsire came of old*. “ Mr. Scott of Harden, my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Mertoun-house, the seat of the Harden family.

“ ‘ With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
Free of anxiety and care,
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine ;
We ’ll mix sobriety with wine,
And easy mirth with thoughts divine.
We Christians think it holiday,
On it no sin to feast or play ;
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.
No superstition in the use
Our ancestors made of a goose ;
Why may not we, as well as they,
Be innocently blithe that day.
On goose or pie, on wine or ale,
And scorn enthusiastic zeal ?—
Pray come, and welcome, or plague rott
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott.

“ ‘ Mr. Walter Scott, *Lessuden*.’

“ The venerable old gentleman to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Raeburn. Being the cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose ; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration for the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored : a mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell’s usurpation : for, in Cowley’s ‘ Cutter of Coleman Street,’ one drunken cavalier upbraids another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to

‘wear a beard for the king.’ I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of my ancestor’s beard ; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Hay Macdougall, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr. Pitcairn, was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.”—SCOTT.

120. *Clips*, folds. The river by its windings embraces Merton, and at the same time delays its own onward course.

131. *Noll Bluff*. Bluff is a character in Congreve’s *Old Bachelor*, who says (act ii., scene i.), “Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.”

139. *Limbo*, the borderland of hell.

142. *Touch my charter*, interfere with my right.

143. *Leyden*. John Leyden was a man of low birth, who, by his own efforts, made himself master of immense learning. His antiquarian knowledge introduced him to Heber, who made him acquainted with Scott. The latter was much indebted to him for help in preparing *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Before the writing of *Marmion* Leyden had received a medical appointment in India. He died in Java in 1811.

146. *Wraith*, apparition. The meeting of Ulysses with the shade of Hercules is narrated in the *Odyssey*, Book xi.

148. *Polydore*. Æneas hears the voice of Polydorus on the shore of Thrace. *Æneid*, Book iii.

150. *Locutus Bos*, the ox spoke. This marvel is of frequent occurrence in Livy’s history.

157. *Cambria*, Wales.

159. “*The Spirit’s Blasted Tree*.” The allusion is to the feud between Owen Glendwr, or Glendower, and Howel Sele, two Welsh chiefs who engaged in single combat, in which Sele was killed. Glendwr concealed the body of his antagonist in a hollow tree, where the skeleton was found later.

161. *Maida’s shore*, in Southern Italy, the scene of Sir John Stuart’s victory over the French in 1806.

163. *Fairy tale*. “*The Daoine shì*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Duer-gar*, than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to

be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders may be found in Dr. Graham's *Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire*."—SCOTT.

169. *Franchémont*, near Spa, in Belgium. Scott was indebted to James Skene for the story which follows. The last lord of Franchémont entrusted his ill-gotten treasure to the Devil, who, in the guise of a huntsman, sits constantly on the chest, and can be driven thence only by a repetition of the spell used by the depositor of the treasure.

179. *Hanger*, a short sword.

195. *Amain*. See note on Introduction to Canto I., line 91.

205. *Pitscottie*. Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, who lived in the sixteenth century, wrote the *Chronicles of Scotland*, from James II. to Mary. He is responsible for several of the episodes which Scott narrates in *Marmion*.

207. *The messenger from Heaven*. See IV., 278 ff.

209. *Infernal summoning*. See V., 735 ff.

210. *The Monk of Durham's tale*. See note on IV., 461.

212. *Fordun*, a Scottish chronicler of the fourteenth century.

213. *Gifford's Goblin-Cave*. See note on III., 333.

220. *Gripple*, miserly.

CANTO VI.

4. *Fretted*. See note on VI., 78.

5. *Like the impatient steed of war*. Cf. *Job xxxix. 25*.

8. *Terouenne*, a town of Artois, southeast of Calais.

9. *Leaguer*, camp. Henry VIII. was besieging Terouenne.

34. *Bloody Heart*. The arms of the Douglas family bore the bleeding heart in commemoration of the commission given by Robert Bruce to Sir James Douglas to bear his heart to the Holy Land. *Field*, the general surface of the shield.

35. *Chief*, the upper portion of the field. *Mulleys*, star-shaped emblems.

45. *Bartizan*, a small overhanging turret.

46. *Bastion*, a projection of the walls. *Coign*, a corner.

71. *Frontlet*, band for the forehead.

78. *Fretted* may mean ornamented with raised work (see Introduction to Canto I., 146) ; or it may refer simply to the open work of the embroidery. The word comes from the Anglo-Saxon *foretan*, to eat away, whence its metaphorical sense of *annoy* (see line 4 above).

85. *Breviary book*, a prayer-book containing a short form of the services of the Church.

128. *Red de Clare*, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, who married a daughter of Edward I.

131. *What makes*, what does. The use is frequent in Shakespeare. See *Richard III.*, i., iii. "What makest thou in my sight?"

133. *Targe*, shield.

137. *Blood-gouts*, blood-spots.

174. *Beadsman*, one who prays, especially one who prays for another in return for alms. See note on VI., 823.

193. *Shade*, hide.

218. *Slough*, the dead skin which the serpent sheds.

236. *Sprite*, poetical for spirit.

261. *Featly*, dexterously.

269. *Dub*, strike, the technical term for striking on the shoulder with the flat of the sword, in token of conferring knighthood.

271. *Otterburne*, a village in Northumberland, where, in 1388, was fought the battle of Chevy Chase between Hotspur and Douglas. Douglas was killed, but his death was concealed and his men won the battle.

280. *Twisel Glen*. "Where James encamped before taking post on Flodden."—SCOTT.

282. *By law of arms*. The squire was forced to watch his armor in church the night before his knighting.

307. *Red Earl Gilbert*. See note on VI., 128.

327. *Bishop*. "The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the *Æneid*, and of many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre."—SCOTT.

329. *Rocquet*, a linen surplice.

335. *Dunkeld*, a town in the central part of Scotland, close to the Highlands.

341. *Sweeping brand*. "Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspondie, a

favourite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh-bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow, was presented by his descendant, James Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindesay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry-hill. See Introduction to *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*."—SCOTT.

342. *Wont*. See note on II., 587.

379. *Foul fall him*, may evil befall him.

389. *Stoop*, fly down to attack the prey ; or, perhaps, lower his flight. See I., 287, and IV., 585.

392. *Plain*, complain. See note on III., 188.

422. *Nay, never look upon your lord*, etc. These lines are spoken to the vassals, who are preparing to resent the insult to their master.

435. *Saint Bride*, Saint Bridget of Ireland, called in Scotland and England Saint Bride.

437. *Portcullis*. See note on I., 55.

“This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its examples in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, tutor of Bomby, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbright-shire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the King ‘a sweet letter of supplication,’ praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the King's household ; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence ; ‘and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner, and said, “Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late ; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head : take his body, and do with it what you will.” Sir Patrick

answered again with a sore heart, and said, "My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispone upon the body as ye please:" and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl on this manner, "My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labours, that you have used at this time, according to your demerits." At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him: and had it not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken' (Pitscottie's *History*)."—SCOTT.

456. *Saint Jude to speed*. See notes on III., 429, and VI., 867.

457. *So foul a deed*. "Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward IV. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs."—SCOTT.

458. *Liked*, pleased.

460. *Saint Bothan*, a cousin of Saint Columba and his successor at Iona. See note on I., 306.

463. *Boy-bishop*. Gawain Douglas was born in 1474, and became a bishop in 1515.

481. *Spell*, make out.

486. *Bell-the-Cat*. See note on V., 398.

499. *Sheriff Sholto*, one of Douglas's sons.

500. *The Master*. "His eldest son, the Master of Angus."—SCOTT.

512. *Cotswold*. See I., 174.

513. *Speed*, here, good fortune.

540. *Lennel's convent*. "This was a Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennel House is now the residence of my venerable friend, Patrick Brydone, Esquire, so well known in the literary world. It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite Cornhill, and consequently very near to Flodden Field."—SCOTT.

545. *Reverend pilgrim*, Patrick Brydone, spoken of above.

546. *Bernardine brood*, monks of Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, a Cistercian of the twelfth century. See note on V., 900.

553. *Flodden edge.* Flodden Hill, the northeastern extremity of the Cheviot range.

573. *Twisæl Bridge.* "On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's headquarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisæl Bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, 'that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field,' and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river."—SCOTT.

574. *Haughty, lofty.* Cf. "this haughty great attempt." *King Henry VI.*, First Part, ii., v.

593. *Saint Helen.* "Beneath a tall rock near the bridge is a plentiful fountain, called St. Helen's Well."—SCOTT.

608. *Vails, lowers.* See note on III., 234.

609. *Douglas,* Sir James Douglas, one of Robert Bruce's best lieutenants. See note on VI., 34.

610. *Randolph,* the Earl of Murray, another of Bruce's officers.

613. *Saint Andrew,* the patron saint of Scotland.

616. *Bannockbourne,* the battle fought in 1314, in which Robert Bruce overthrew Edward II. of England, and established the independence of Scotland.

626. *Hap what hap,* come what may. See III., 416.

627. *Basnet,* a light helmet.

657. *Leat,* a tributary of the Tweed.

700. *Amain.* See note on Introduction to Canto I., 91.

715. *Stout Stanley,* Sir Edward Stanley, who commanded the men from Lancashire and Chester.

716. *Vaward,* vanguard.

717. *Brian Tunstall*. "Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undefiled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my readers, as an edition, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend Mr. Henry Weber. Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epithet of *undefiled* from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock, about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle."—SCOTT.

723. *Edmund*, Sir Edmund Howard, Knight Marshal of the Army, son of the Earl of Surrey. *The Admiral*, another one of Surrey's sons, Thomas Howard, Admiral of England.

743. *Gilded spurs*. See note on I., 95.

773. *Shroud*, covering, as in V., 731.

777. *Seamew*, a kind of gull.

795. *Badenoch-man*. Badenoch is the southeastern district of the Highlands.

797. *Huntly, Home*, two Scottish earls who commanded the left wing. They were at first successful in their charge, but Home is accused of allowing his Borderers to straggle and pillage, and so of losing the advantage which he had won.

799. *Lennox and Argyle*, the Scottish Earls commanding the Scottish right wing, opposed to the English left.

823. *Bid your beads*, pray on the beads. Bid and bead are the same in root, from the Anglo-Saxon *biddan*, to ask. Beads were originally prayers, then the balls of the rosary which marked them.

838. *Housing*. See note on I., 91.

867. *Sped*, killed. Speed, to hasten, came to be used in a special sense, implying good fortune, as "Saint George to speed," or in a case of misfortune, as here, hastened to death.

881. *Dacre*. Lord Dacre commanded the reserves.

892. *Varlets*. A varlet was originally the son of a noble, then a page or follower.

914. *Runnel*, a brook or run.

976. *Shake not the dying sinner's sand*. Do not by disturbing him cause his life to ebb faster, as sand is shaken down in the hour-glass.

1004. *Roncesvalles*, a valley in the Pyrenees, the scene of the slaughter of Charlemagne's rear-guard under Roland or Orlando, by the Saracens, in 778. When the paladins or chief-knights were almost all slain, Orlando blew upon his magic

horn, whose notes carried to Charlemagne, thirty miles away in Fontarabia, the tidings of the disaster.

1006. *Plunder*. See note on VI., 797.

1018. *Tilmouth*, a town in Northumberland, northeast of Flodden.

1034. *Impenetrable wood*. Cf. "the spearmen's twilight wood," in *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto VI., xvii., 17.

1073. *Yon Border castle*, Home Castle. See note on 1081 below.

1081. *And fell on Flodden plain*. "There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the King, but even of having carried him out of the field, and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle, for which, on enquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said, that, *if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery*. Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favourite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event; but the retreat, or inactivity, of the left wing, which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred, that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never show the token of the iron belt; which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time. An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone."

—SCOTT.

1090. *Lichfield's lofty pile.* Lichfield Cathedral.

1095. *Brook.* "This storm of Lichfield Cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the vizor of his helmet. The royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's Cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers."—SCOTT.

1100. *Couchant,* lying.

1104. *Blazed,* blazoned.

1111. "*Wede away.*" An old ballad describes the loss of Scotland at Flodden in the refrain, "The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

1155. *Holinshed or Hall.* English chroniclers of the sixteenth century.

1160. *Bearings,* devices which marked his particular achievements at Flodden. See note on I., 165.

1168. *More, Sands, and Denny,* courtiers of King Henry.

1170. *Catherine.* Henry's first wife, divorced in 1533. *The stocking threw,* an allusion to an old custom of pelting the wedded pair with their stockings the morning after the marriage.

NOTES TO L'ENVOY.

3. *Speed.* See note on VI., 867.

4. *Rede.* Story.

SUGGESTED EXAMINATION QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR FURTHER STUDY.¹

1. Explain :

“The leaden silence of your *hearse* (Introd. to Canto I., 199).”

“Sober he seemed and sad of *cheer* (V., 56).”

“Wealth of winter *cheer* (III., 47).”

“Well dost thou *brook* thy gallant roan (I., 149).”

“And well could *brook* the mild command (VI., 121).”

“Such *buxom* chief shall lead his host (Introd. to IV., 202).”

“St. George to *speed* (III., 429) !”

“That spear-wound has our master *sped* (VI., 867).”

“When joins yon host in deadly *stowre* (IV., 679).”

“On the *warp'd* wave their death-game played (Introd. to Canto III., 92).”

2. Define : *wassel*, *beadsman*, *pursuivant*, *trews*, *bratchet*, *sewer*, *wager of battle*.

3. Who was Brunswick? What justified Scott's extended reference to him in the Introduction to Canto III.?

4. Compare Scott's treatment of Pitt with that of Fox, in the Introduction to Canto I., and account for the difference.

5. Discuss briefly Scott's defence of his choice of subject matter and literary method as outlined in the Introductory Epistle to Erskine. Describe the influences by which Scott was impelled to this choice.

6. Write a short essay on one of the following topics :

The influence of Scott's private life upon his literary career.

Scott's feeling for nature as illustrated by *Marmion*.

¹ The examination questions are included as an indication of the proportion which may profitably be observed among the several points of view from which the poem may be studied. The topics appear only for their possible suggestive value. It has not seemed wise to trench further upon a field which belongs to the practical sense of the teacher, and in which assistance, however well meant, is perhaps as likely to prove an embarrassment as a help.

7. What descriptive value have the following passages : IV., 605-611 ; IV., 628-634.

8. Criticise VI., 293-310 and VI., 798-818. Which passage do you like better and why?

TOPICS FOR FURTHER STUDY.

The following subjects, which may suggest others, are to be assigned to classes for essays requiring additional study and preparation outside the class-room :

1. Compare *Marmion* with *The Lady of the Lake* as specimens of narration.

2. Compare the characters in *Marmion* with those in one of Scott's prose works, *e.g.*, *De Wilton* with *Ivanhoe*, *Marmion* with *Bois-Guilbert*, *Constance* with *Rebecca*, *Clare* with *Rowena*. What general conclusions can you draw in regard to Scott's selection of characters and methods of portrayal?

3. Why was Scott, in the opinion of the British public, surpassed as a poet by Byron? (See Byron's earlier poems.)

4. The Homeric spirit in Scott's poetry. (See Principal Shairp's essay in *Aspects of Poetry*.)

5. Are Carlyle's strictures on Scott justified? (See Carlyle's *Essay on Sir Walter Scott*.)

6. Scott's friends and their influence upon him.

7. Scott and Wordsworth as poets of nature.

8. The verse of *Marmion* compared with that of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. (See Coleridge's *Christabel* for its alleged influence on Scott's verse.)

9. The use of color in *Marmion*.

10. The political atmosphere in which *Marmion* was written.

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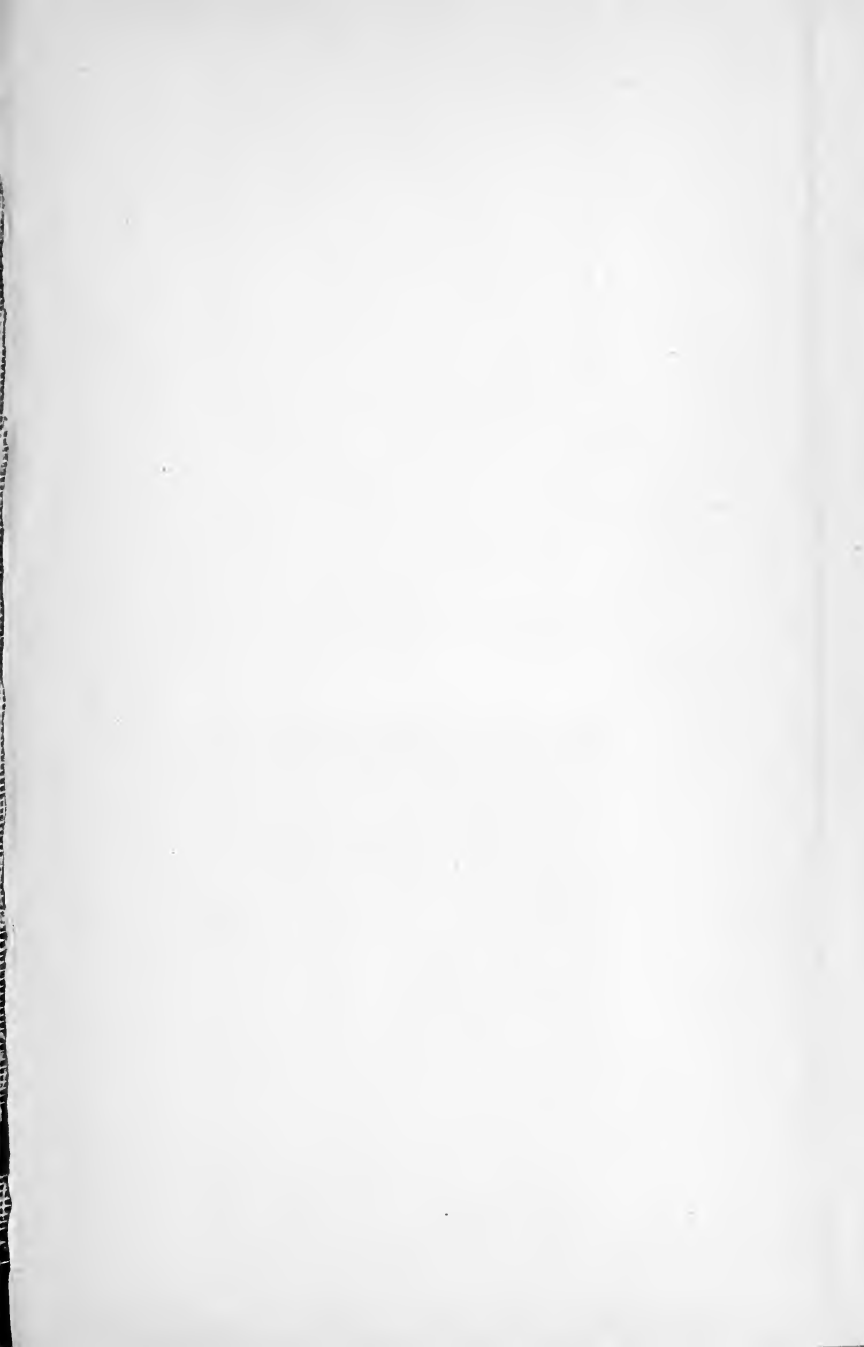
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